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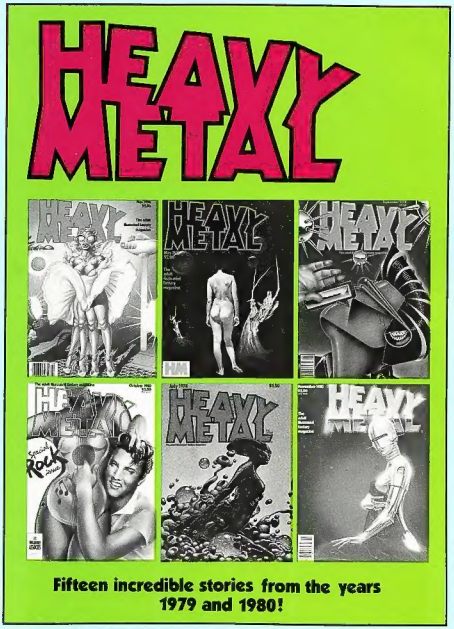

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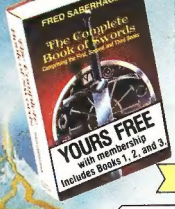

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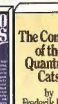

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EDITORIAL

Just the other day, I happened upon Forbidden Planet, a popular science-fiction/fantasy bookshop in the Big Apple, and decided to take a look at what's new and exciting in the world of illustrated books. Well, dear readers, there's not exactly a plethora out there, more like a handful, but what is for sale is kind of interesting.

What hit me first was the look of the books. There are very few "normal" size books anymore. They're either sandwich-size bookettes, or coffee-table monsters. Most of them are black and white; some have a few color plates thrown in so they can jack up the price.

I asked my salesman John, a most pleasant fellow, "Where the hell are the rest of the trade paperbacks?" He winced and said, "They're just not making as many as they used to, Ma'am." Well, the *Ma'am* softened the blow, but the news still hit hard. I bought a few books that looked pretty cool, bid a fond farewell to John, and retreated to my coffee table.

For whatever reason, the American publishing market is going down the tubes. Some claim TV, videos, cable and movies have sucked up so much of the public's time, there aren't enough hours left in the day to actually read. This is even more pathetic when you hear that approximately 35% of high school grads don't even know how to read. And I'm not talking about books that tend to bore either.

But there's some solace to be had, because there are some terrific books on the market. Jim Burns's *Lightship* (Paper Tiger), is a magnificent anthology of the artist's work. There's a preface by Robert Silverberg and an interview with Burns, but most of the book is made up of striking color paintings that are incredibly seductive. It's definitely the hottest genre book of the year!

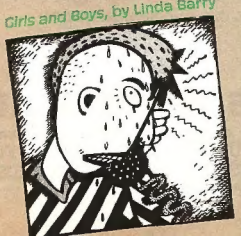
Magnetic Storm (Harmony Books), the sequel to Roger and Martyn Dean's *Views*, is another mind-boggling anthology. These are both oversized, fairly expensive books, but the quality is unsurpassable. They were originally published in the U.K.—how come the English can print these fabulous, colorful trades, and for the most part Americans go for those bookettes I was talking about?

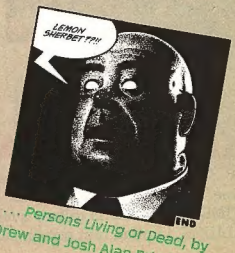
There are some smaller publishing houses in the States that are taking risks, but unfortunately they are few and far between. Raw, Kitchen Sink Press, Catalan Books, Fantagraphics Books, and Real Comet Press (and I'm sure there are a couple of others I'm unaware of) should be applauded for keeping this forum open for artists and writers, and for making our lives a little more exciting.—Ed.

Check out: Big Baby, *by Charles Burns* and X, *by Sue Coe (Raw One-Shots)*; Girls and Boys, *by Linda Barry (Real Comet Press)*; *Will Eisner's* New York *(Kitchen Sink Press)*; *Drew and Josh Alan Friedman's* Any Similarity to Persons Living or Dead is Purely Coincidental *(Fantagraphics Books)—my personal fave*; *and* The Paper Man *and* Click, *by Milo Manara (Catalan Books).*

Big Baby, by Charles Burns

Girls and Boys, by Linda Barry





. . . Persons Living or Dead, by Drew and Josh Alan Friedman

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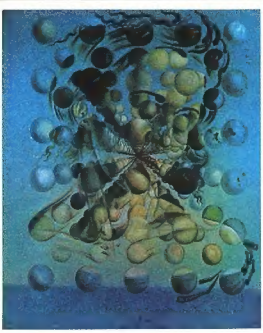

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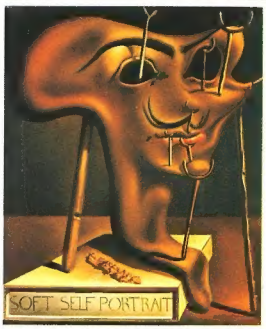

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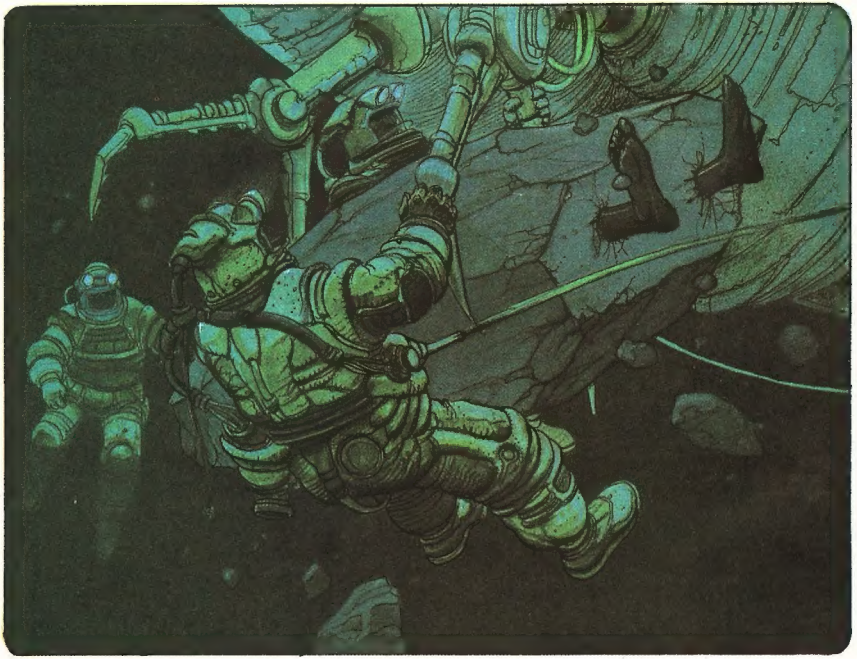
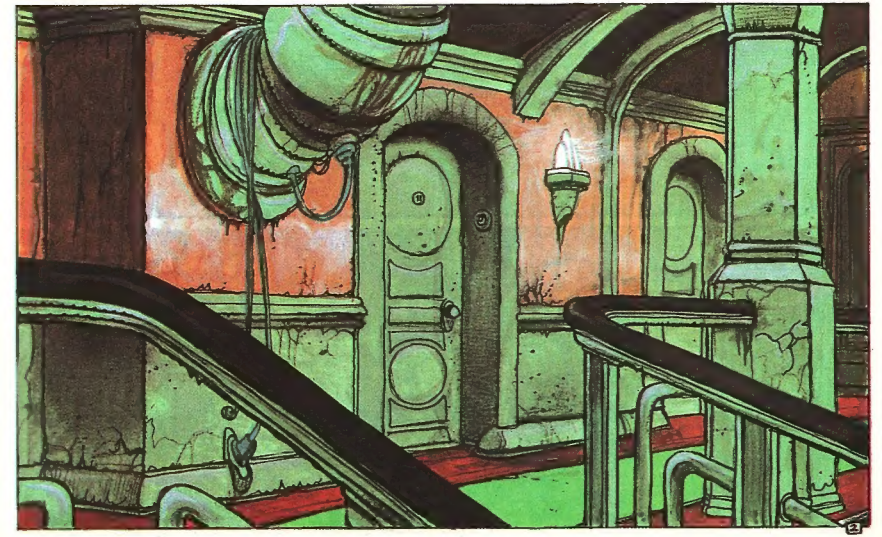
THE TRAPPED WOMAN

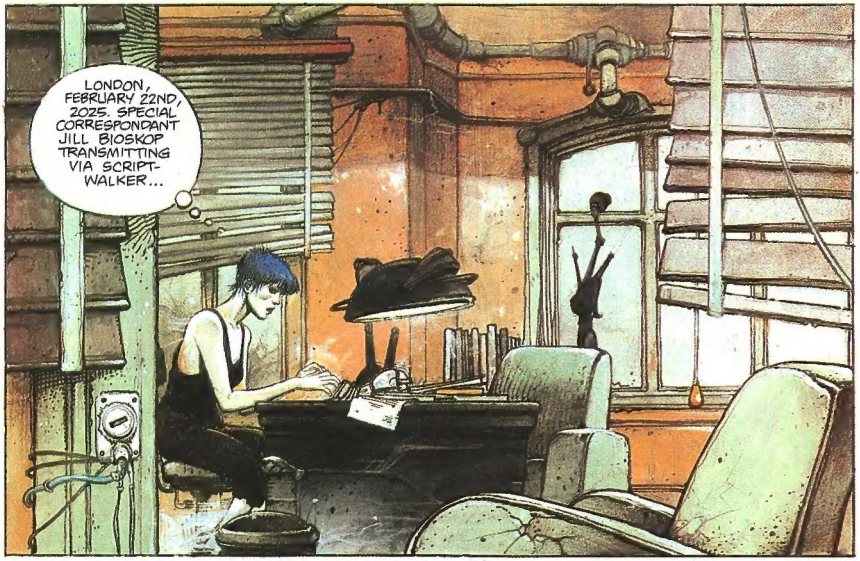
by BILAL

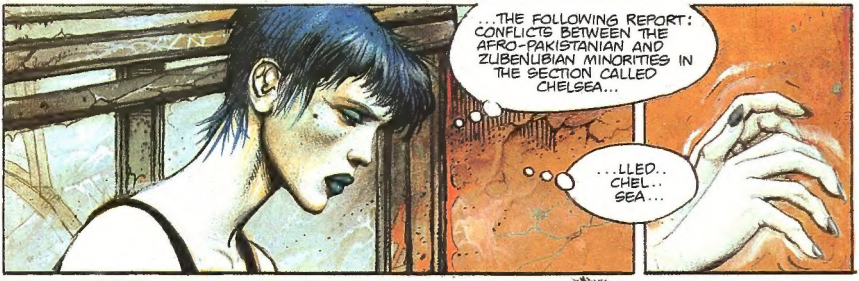
THE STORY THAT FOLLOWS IS THE CONTINUATION OF "THE IMMORTALS' FETE," PUBLISHED IN 1980, AND IN IT ARE SOME OF THE CHARACTERS FROM THE PRECEEDING BOOK... WE FIND ALCIDE NIKOPOL, STILL LIVING IN PARIS, AFTER SPENDING TWO YEARS IN THE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL OF SAINT SAUVEUR. THE CITY IS ALWAYS THE SAME, NOTHING OF GREAT IMPORTANCE SEEMS TO HAVE HAPPENED SINCE WE LAST MET, AND THE DATE IS FEBRUARY 22, 2025....

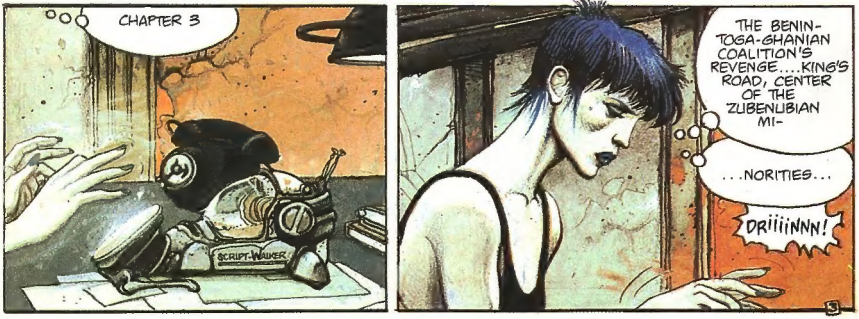


AT THAT SAME MOMENT, IN THE HOTEL SAVOY, IN LONDON....

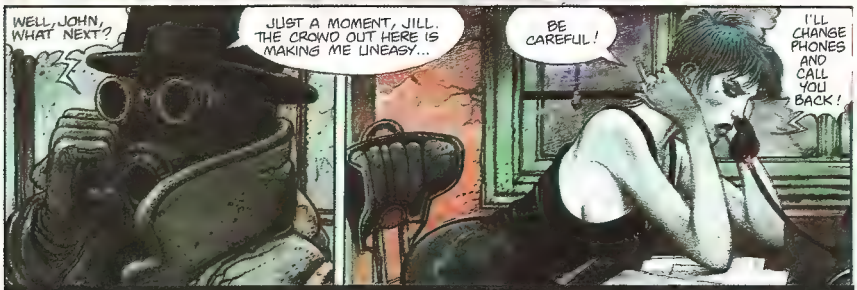



LONDON, FEBRUARY 22ND, 2025. SPECIAL CORRESPONDANT JILL BIOSKOP TRANSMITTING VIA SCRIPT-WALKER...


...THE FOLLOWING REPORT: CONFLICTS BETWEEN THE AFRO-PAKISTANIAN AND ZUBENUBIAN MINORITIES IN THE SECTION CALLED CHELSEA...
...LLED.. CHEL SEA...

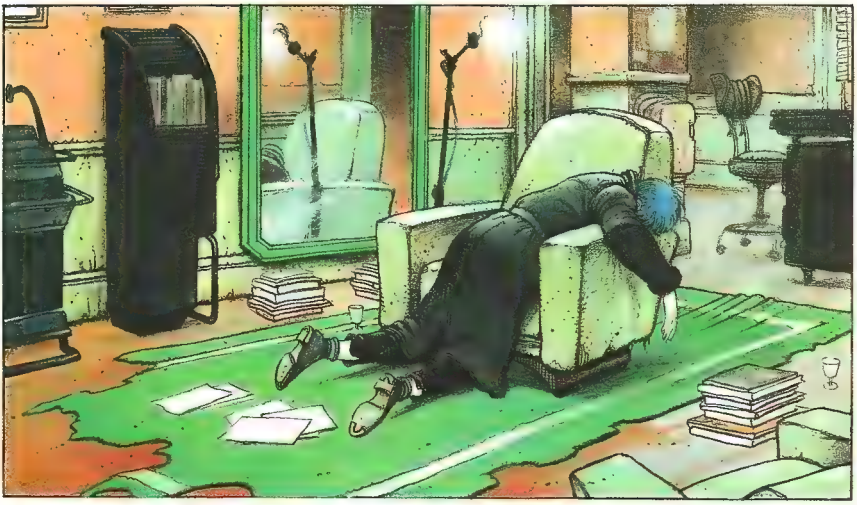

CHAPTER 3
SCRIPT-WALKER
THE BENIN-TOGA-GHANIAN COALITION'S REVENGE....KING'S ROAD, CENTER OF THE ZUBENUBIAN MI-
...NORITIES...
DRIIIINNN!

HELLO?
HELLO, JILL? IT'S ME. AGAIN... I FOUND OUT SOMETHING NEW...
...AND IT'S SERIOUS, I CAN PROVE IT. LISTEN TO THIS...
I'M ALL EARS.
FIND IT FAST/3.
..."THE GUARDIAN," OCTOBER 7TH, 1993. PAGE 16... IT'S A SMALL PARAGRAPH AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE, TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK...
THE TITLE..."SCIENCE FICTION OR TYPICAL FRENCH HOAX?" IT READS, "THE FRENCH NEWSPAPER, LIBERATION, ANNOUNCES THAT IT WILL PUBLISH A SERIES OF ARTICLES..."


WELL, JOHN, WHAT NEXT?
JUST A MOMENT, JILL. THE CROWD OUT HERE IS MAKING ME UNEASY...
BE CAREFUL!
I'LL CHANGE PHONES AND CALL YOU BACK!

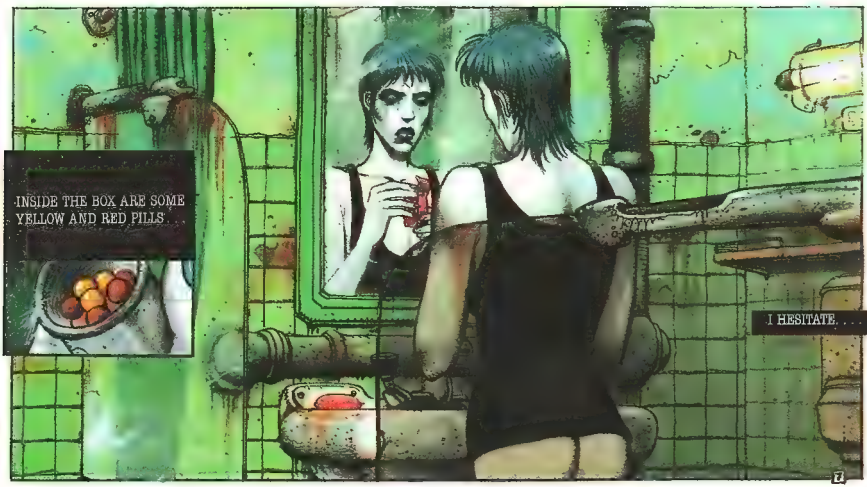
JOHN DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO CHANGE BOOTHS . . . HE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO HANG UP . . . 'CAUSE I HEARD THE EXPLOSION . . . AND HIS CRY . . . THE CRY OF AN APLHERATZIEN. I'D HEARD IT BEFORE: ONCE, WHEN HE WAS HURT VERY BADLY, AND THE FIRST TIME WE MADE LOVE.

JOHN DIED ON FEBRUARY 22, 2025 . . .
JOHN...
HE'S DEAD, MISS... YOU SHOULDN'T STAY HERE...
IN A ZUBENUBIAN ATTACK, ALONG WITH FOUR AFRO-PAKISTANIANS, ONE OF WHICH WAS A LEADER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE IN THIS PARTICULAR CONFLICT. I WILL NOT WRITE ANOTHER WORD ABOUT THIS USELESS CARNAGE. I JUST WANT TO TALK ABOUT JOHN . . . AND I WILL. THE SCRIPT WALKER IS STILL WORKING, AND JOHN HAS THE PROOF HE WAS TALKING ABOUT IN HIS HAND. . .
I PICK IT UP . . .
A STRANGE WHITE LIQUID IS OOZING OUT FROM UNDER JOHN'S MASK. IS IT HIS BLOOD?
I GO HOME.
6

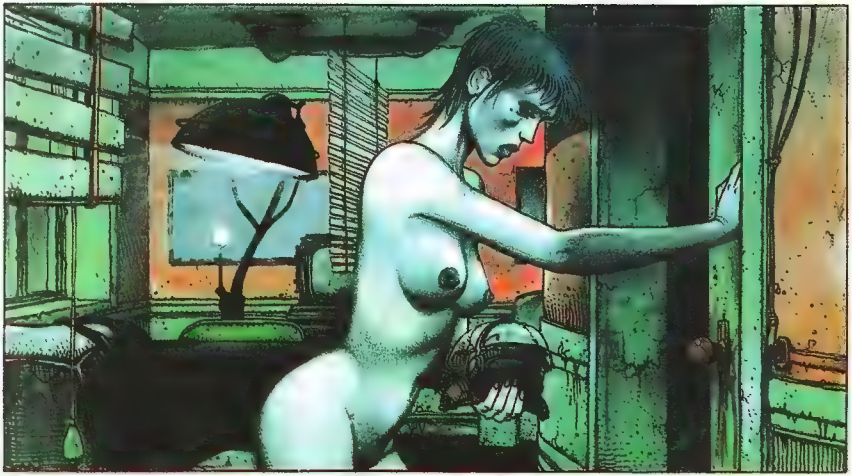


IN MY ROOM, I AM OVERWHELMED WITH GRIEF. HOW CAN I POSSIBLY EXPLAIN ALL THAT JOHN MEANT TO ME? PARADOXICALLY, I FEEL A STRONG NEED TO WRITE . . . IMMEDIATELY . . . TO TELL PEOPLE IN THE PAST, THROUGH MY SCRIPTWALKER—OUR DISCONCERTING STORY . . . LET EVERYTHING OUT . . . FROM THE BRAIN AND THE HEART . . . AND FALL ASLEEP WITH SOME H.L.V., JOHN'S DRUG, WHICH WILL HELP ME FORGET EVERYTHING. . . . MAINLY THIS GHASTLY DAY.

I FIND THE LITTLE BOX IN THE BATHROOM . . . H.L.V. . . . I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE LETTERS STAND FOR. I WILL NEVER KNOW, AND I REALLY DON'T GIVE A SHIT. . . .



. . . FINALLY, I DECIDE TO SWALLOW ONE, THEN ANOTHER. . . . THEY'RE BOTH RED . . . THEN I WASH MY FACE, TO CANCEL THE TRACE OF MY BLUE TEARS. . . .



THEN I LOCK MYSELF, NAKED, IN JOHN'S ROOM, WITH THE SCRIPT WALKER. . . . THE ROOM IS ALL BLACK. NO LIGHT COMING IN FROM THE OUTSIDE. . . . I START WRITING: ONCE UPON A TIME, JOHN AND I

DON'T DO THAT...NO, DON'T DO THAT!

IDIOTS!!

LONDON, CAMDEN TOWN, FEBRUARY 24TH.
IS SOMETHING WRONG, JEFF?
MAYBE THERE IS....
...A STRANGE EVENT TOOK PLACE JUST AS PROFESSOR WHITELAW WAS ABOUT TO START PERFORMING AN AUTOPSY ON THE BODY OF THE ALPHERATZIEN, WHO HAD BEEN DECLARED CLINICALLY DEAD.
THE EXTRATERRESTRIAN MANAGED TO ESCAPE LEAVING A BLOODY TRAIL BEHIND HIM: KILLING DR. WHITELAW AND WOUNDING TWO OF THE GUARDS AT THE MEDICAL INSTITUTE.
SCOTLAND YARD'S ARMED POLICE ARE ACTIVELY SEEKING THE FUGITIVE. THE SECTIONS OF CAMBERWELL AND WALWORTH ARE CORDONED OFF AND A DESCRIPTION OF THE MURDERER IS IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE. HERE IT IS AGAIN: HEIGHT ABOUT 6'2", WEARS A STRANGE BLACK MASK ON HIS FACE....
I'VE NO DOUBT THAT'S HIM..
WHO? THE ALPHERATZIEN? DO YOU KNOW HIM?
..LISTEN, I'M SORRY, BUT TONIGHT JUST ISN'T WORKING OUT... I HAVE TO GO... IT'S IMPORTANT...
I'LL CALL YOU TOMORROW.

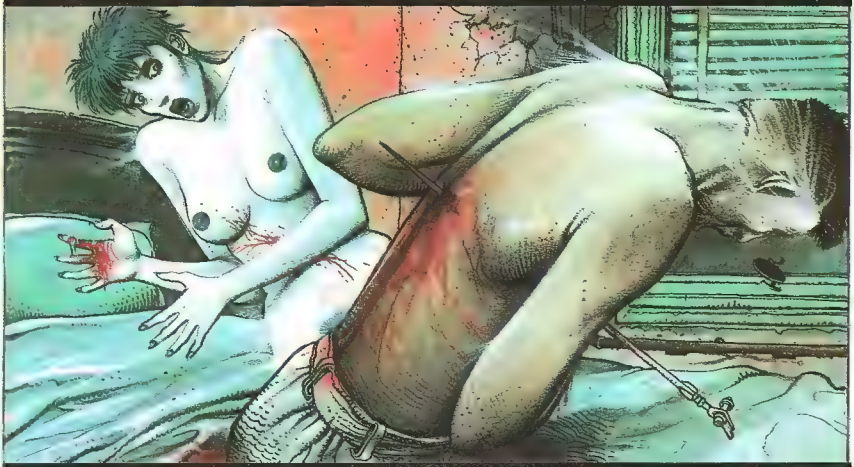
TAX!!
HOTEL SAVOY, QUICKLY!
HERE ARE SOME IMAGES OF THE TRAGEDY CAPTURED BY THE CAMERA IN THE O.R. CHAMBER.
...THE IMAGES ARE, ALAS, VERY FUZZY, AND CANNOT HELP US EXPLAIN THE ALPHERATZIEN'S ASTONISHING REGENERATION. IN SLOW-MOTION WE CAN SEE THAT AT THIS PARTICULAR MOMENT, THE SURGEON SEEMED TO RECEIVE A FLUX OF ENERGY WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE FATAL.

IT WAS JEFF, JEFF WYNYATT, WHO WOKE ME FROM A DEEP SLEEP 48 HOURS LATER. JEFF IS A FRIEND, A JOURNALIST, EXILED, A MELANCHOLY AND SOLITARY MAN WITH WHOM I HAD A BRIEF AFFAIR THREE YEARS AGO . . . JUST BEFORE I MET JOHN.

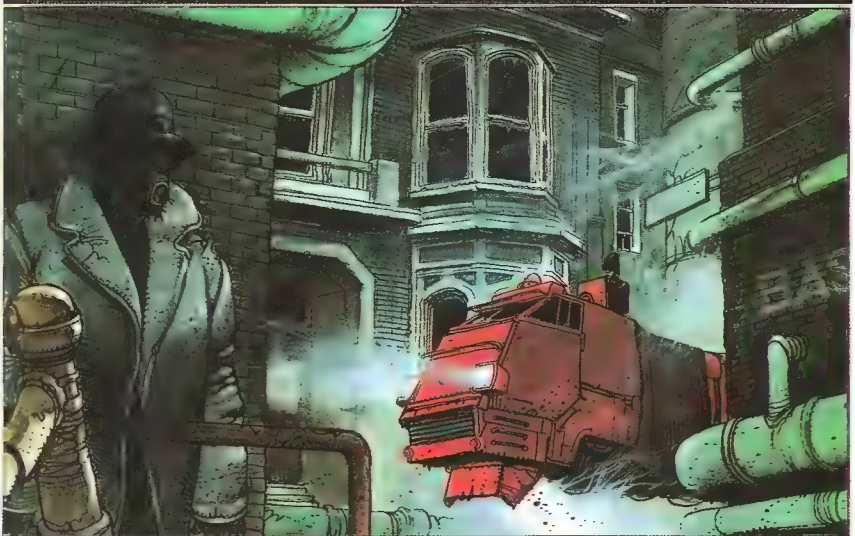
IN ORDER TO WAKE ME UP, JEFF PUTS ME UNDER A FREEZING COLD SHOWER.
THEN HE DRAGS ME, STILL HALF ASLEEP, TO THE HOTEL RESTAURANT. AN INCREDIBLY EXPENSIVE PLACE WITH MEDIOCRE FOOD. WHERE NONETHELESS I STUFF MY FACE . . .
WHEN WE GET TO DESSERT I ASK HIM:
JEFF, ARE YOU DOING ALL THIS IN HOPES OF HAVING SEX WITH ME AGAIN, IN THE NEAR FUTURE?
MAYBE...BUT RIGHT NOW ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TRY TO FORGET WHAT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH ...JOHN IS DEAD!...YOU MUST TRY TO FORGET HIM .. AND BREAK AWAY FROM THIS SHIT OF A PLACE. SO LISTEN TO ME, I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT MIGHT INTERES YOU...
A PLAN THAT'S MUCH BETTER THAN ALL THE SHIT THAT YOU TAKE..

WHAT JEFF SUGGESTS IS THAT I LEAVE LONDON . . . WHICH IS INCREDIBLY DIFFICULT TO DO IN THESE TIMES. AND POSSIBLE ONLY FOR THE EXTREMELY PRIVILEGED; WHICH NEITHER I NOR JEFF ARE.
"WHEN, WHY, AND TO GO WHERE?" I ASK HIM, SOMEWHAT TIPSY. . .
. . . "TOMORROW MORNING, IN AN AERO-TAXI, YOU'LL GO TO BERLIN," HE ANSWERS.
. . . MY FRIEND, NICK, WILL ACCOMPANY YOU. . . ! HAVE SOME MONEY FOR YOU AND A PERMANENT MISSION PASS FROM N.I.S. . . . IT'S A FAKE OF COURSE, BUT IT WILL HELP YOU LEAVE THE CITY. . . WHEN YOU GET TO BERLIN, GO TO THE MAUERPALAST, IT'S THE ONLY PRIVATE HOTEL IN THE CITY, IT'S BEAUTIFUL AND VERY EXPENSIVE, YOU'LL LIKE IT.
. . . ONCE YOU'RE THERE, I'LL COUNT ON YOU TO COVER ALL THE LATEST EVENTS IN BERLIN FOR ME, AND ESPECIALLY EUROPA I'S RETURN TO EARTH.
. . . "EUROPA I" THE FIRST EUROPEAN INTERPLANETARY MISSION, LAUNCHED IN 1999, THE YEAR I WAS BORN. THE RETURN OF THE SPACESHIP IS DUE ANYTIME SOON AT THE BERLIN-TEGEL/TREPTOW ASTROPORT.
. . . I WILL TRY AND SETTLE EVERYTHING HERE. . . AND I HOPE TO JOIN YOU SOON IN BERLIN. . . .
JEFF SHOULD NEVER HAVE SAID THOSE LAST WORDS. . .

. . . AND HE SHOULDN'T HAVE, THAT VERY SAME NIGHT, COME INTO MY BEDROOM, UNINVITED. . . .



. . . IT'S AMAZING HOW MUCH BLOOD HE LOST ONCE I PIERCED HIM WITH THE ANTENNA OF MY SCRIPTWALKER. STRANGELY ENOUGH, IT TOOK LONGER TO CLEAN THE BLOOD OFF OF MY BODY AND HANDS THAN TO GET RID OF THE BODY.



. . . I DECIDE THAT THE BEST THING IS TO TRY TO SLEEP AND FORGET ALL ABOUT IT, SO I TAKE A RED HLV PILL . . .

THAT SAME NIGHT, IN PARIS.
THAT MISERABLE FEATHERED CREATURE....
HE'S GETTING CLOSER, I CAN FEEL IT!
...THESE NIGHTMARES ARE REAL, COMRADE NIKOPOL, BUT ALL THE OTHER SYMPTOMS APPEAR TO BE FAKE, AT LEAST AT THIS MOMENT. IN OTHER WORDS, YOUR FATHER REFUSES TO ADMIT THAT HE HAS RECOVERED.
THAT'S ABSURD!

NOT REALLY... HE'S BEEN THROUGH A GREAT TRAUMA. THIRTY YEARS IN HIBERNATION, PLUS ALL THOSE STORIES ABOUT AN EGYPTIAN GOD, THAT MUST LEAVE SOME TRACE... HE MUST BE FEELING SOMEWHAT ALIENATED FROM A SOCIETY HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE... AND ALSO FROM YOU, HIS SON...
HELLO, MISTER NIKOPOL...
YOU MUSTN'T FORGET, COMRADE NIKOPOL, THAT APART FROM HAVING THE SAME NAME AND LOOKING VERY MUCH ALIKE, YOU ARE ALSO PRACTICALLY THE SAME AGE.
I'LL TAKE THAT RUBBISH...
?
DID YOU HAVE ONE OF YOUR NIGHTMARES AGAIN?
LOLA, LET'S MAKE A DEAL..
...AND YOU'LL BE NICE TO ME....
MISTER NIKOPOL!

THE NEXT DAY, I MEET NICK, JEFF'S FRIEND, IN THE LOBBY.
SAVOY HOTEL
HE'S VERY NERVOUS BECAUSE OF ALL THE POLICE AROUND THE PLACE.
THEY'RE EVERYWHERE AND YOU'RE LATE.
I'M SORRY.
SAVOY
SAVOY
GET IN!
ARE THEY LOOKING FOR SOMEONE?

...MAYBE..
A MAN OF FEW WORDS
ESPECIALLY ROTTEN.
THAT'S FINE WITH ME, 'CAUSE THE HIV PILLS MAKE ME FEEL VERY WEIRD
I HOPE I WON'T GET SICK DURING THE FLIGHT.
MY BODY FEELS

AS FAR AS MY MEMORY IS CONCERNED, HOWEVER, THESE PILLS ARE THE BEST . . . THE MURDER I COMMITTED LAST NIGHT IS ETCHED IN MY MEMORY DOWN TO THE FINEST DETAIL . . . JEFF HAS DISAPPEARED . . . JUST LIKE JOHN . . .

I'M AMAZED THAT I FEEL SO INDIFFERENT AFTER LOSING JOHN, SUCH AN INTEGRAL PART OF MY LIFE . . . MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I HAVE THIS FEELING OF GOING FULL-STEAM AHEAD . . . INTO THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE . . . MY FUTURE AND BERLIN . . .

HAPPY TO BE LEAVING?
WELL! NICK IS STARTING TO TALK!
I ANSWER WITH MONOSYLLABLES. I HAVE NO REGRETS ABOUT LEAVING LONDON, EVEN THOUGH I FEEL IT MIGHT BE FOREVER. THE CITY DISAPPEARS BENEATH US. I LOOK DOWN ON THE THAMES AND AM SURPRISED AT ITS COLOR
IT'S BRIGHT RED.
AS RED AS THE SPOT OF BLOOD WHICH HAS INEXPLICABLY APPEARED ON THE PALM OF MY RIGHT HAND...
. . . SHIT! IS JEFF'S BLOOD INDELIBLE?

. . . I PUT ON MY GLOVE AND TRY TO FORGET ABOUT THE SPOT . . . I FIND THE CLIPPING THAT JOHN HAD TRIED TO READ TO ME JUST BEFORE HE DIED.

HOAX OR SCIENCE FICTION?

The French daily, *Liberation* announces that it will be publishing a series of articles which will be actually coming from the future (from the year 2025). One of these will be on the situation in London. The same initials, J.B., are to be found at the end of each article. Hoax or not, this is an intriguing affair. More later.

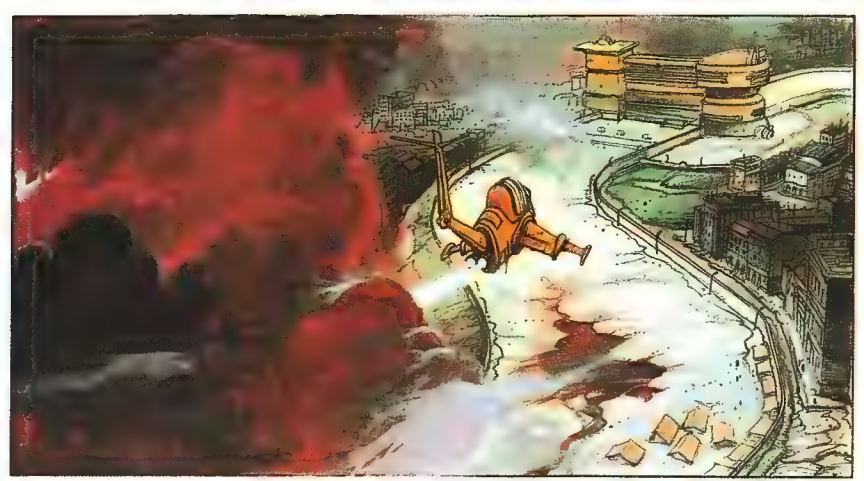
I CLOSE MY EYES AND TRY TO SLEEP.

THE AIRPLANE IS ALREADY OVER THE BRITISH CHANNEL, ABOUT TO ENTER A VAST MASS OF RED CLOUDS. I THINK ABOUT MY READERS IN 1993 . . . BUT WHY 1993? . . . AND WHY IN A FRENCH NEWSPAPER? . . . THE PROGRAMMER MUST HAVE GONE CRAZY, BUT THE DATE ISN'T IMPORTANT ANYWAY . . . THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT IT MUST WORK.

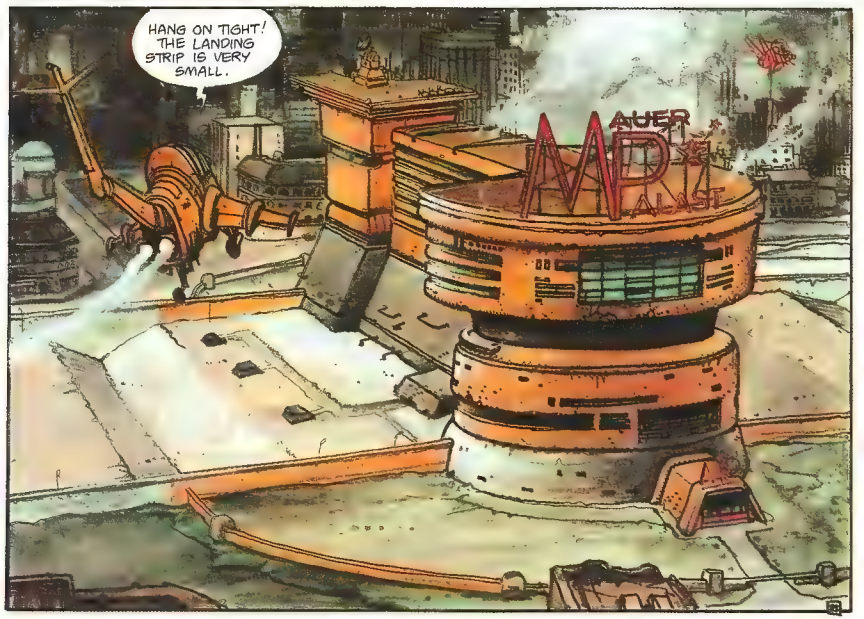
TAXI

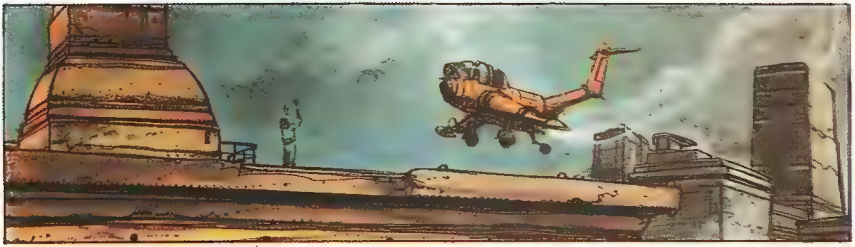
BEFORE FALLING ASLEEP I REALIZE THAT THANKS TO THE SCRIPTWALKER I PRACTICE THE MOST EXCITING JOURNALISM IN THE WORLD.

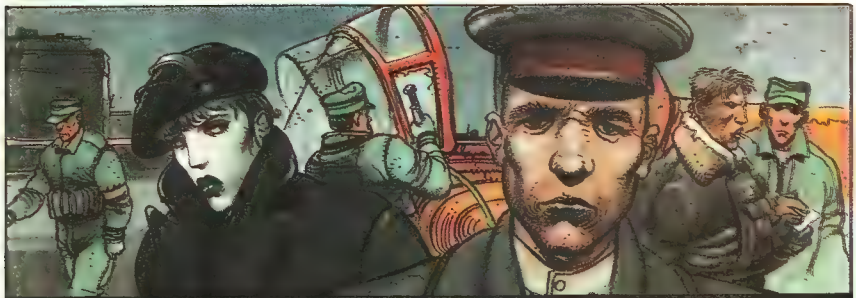
...AT THAT VERY MOMENT, VERY FAR AWAY...NEAR THE PLANET MARS...
ARE YOU SURE HE WAS THERE?
ABSOLUTELY!
BAD NEWS, HORUS HAS DISAPPEARED. IT WAS AT LEAST A FRACTION OF AN ETERNITY AGO--PROBABLY WHEN WE HIT THOSE METEORITES.
ARE WE GOING BACK?
YES, ANUBAST, WE'RE GOING BACK TO EARTH!
GREAT!



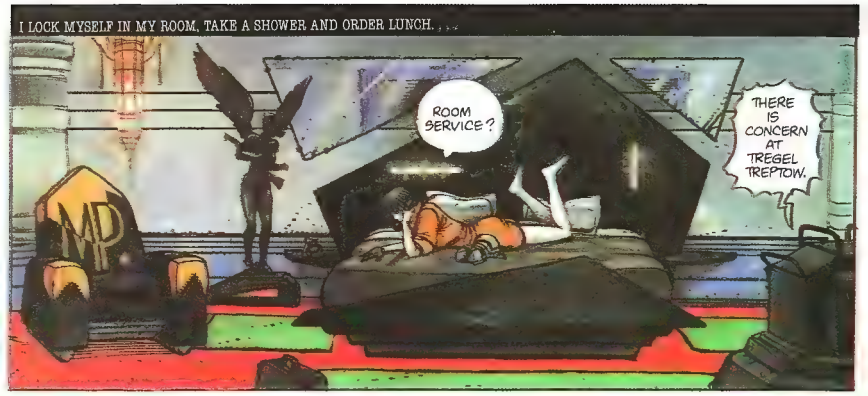
. . . AT THE END OF A LONG TUNNEL MADE OF RED CLOUDS AND AFTER A SEVEN HOUR FLIGHT WE FINALLY GET TO BERLIN, THE ONLY AUTONOMOUS CITY IN THE HEART OF THE TCHECKOSOVIET EMPIRE. . . .







IT FEELS ODD TO SAY GOODBYE TO NICK . . . HE HOLDS MY HAND FOR A LONG TIME . . . AND FOLLOWS ME WITH HIS EYES AS I LEAVE . . . HIS GLANCE IS PIERCING, DISTURBING . . . I FEEL IT IN THE SMALL OF MY BACK . . .



IT SEEMS THAT UNFORSEEN AND TRAGIC EVENTS ARE GOING TO CLOUD THE RETURN OF EUROPA I. THE AIRPORT STAFF REFUSES TO MAKE ANY COMMENT, BUT SECURITY HAS ALREADY BEEN TIGHTENED THROUGHOUT THE PREMISES. THE LANDING SHOULD TAKE PLACE IN LESS THAN 48 HOURS.

THE NIGHT FALLS OVER BERLIN, WHILE I READ ALL THE ENTRIES I'VE MADE ON MY SCRIPT-WALKER . . . "CONFLICTS IN LONDON AMONG LOCAL MINORITIES," IS THE FIRST, THEN JOHN'S STORY, A STRANGE ONE TO BE SURE, ESPECIALLY WITH ITS ODD ENDING. I LIKE THE PART WHERE WE MAKE LOVE. AS FAR AS THE REST IS CONCERNED, I THINK NOTHING ABOUT IT. MY CRIME IS A THING OF THE PAST, AND TOMORROW I'LL START REPORTING ON THE MAUERPALAST AND ITS ATMOSPHERE.

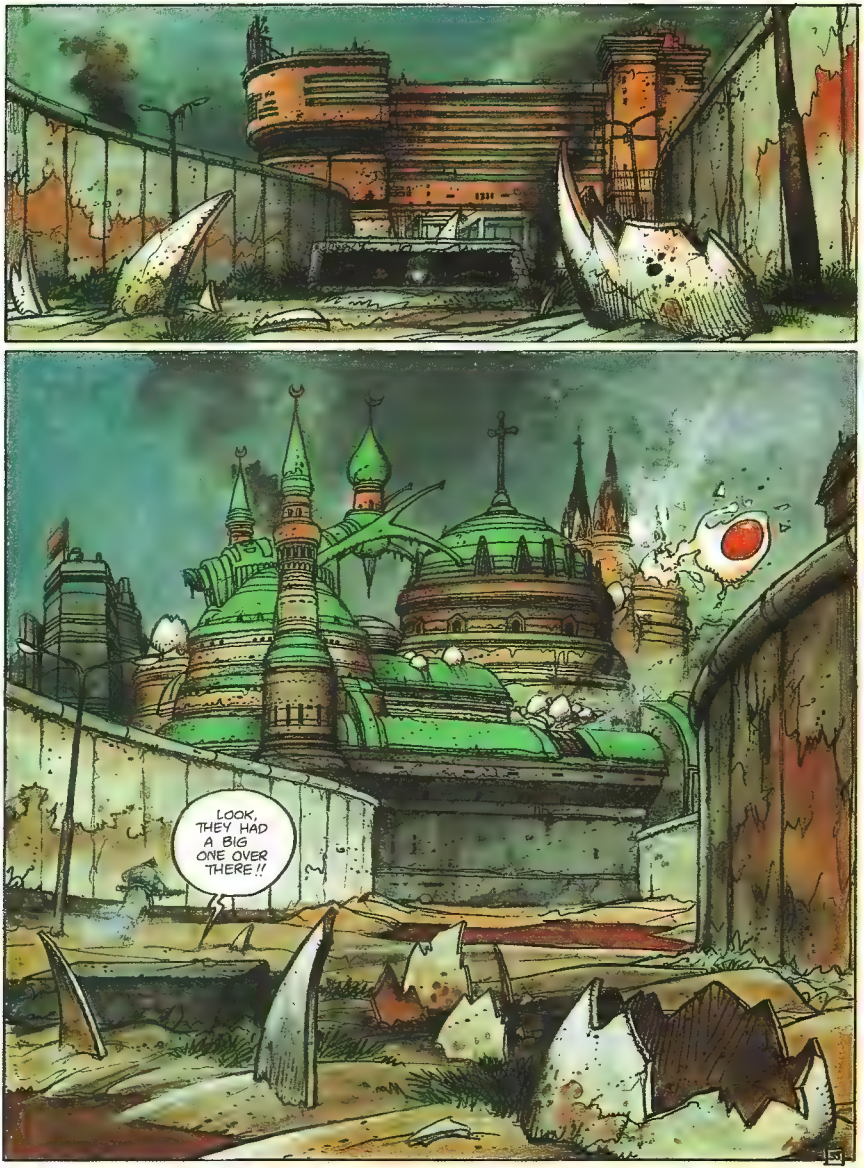
AND THANK GOD I DON'T . . . BECAUSE NICK, THAT PIG, LIKE THE SLIMY REPTILE HE IS, TRIES TO GET INTO MY BED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.
I FEEL HIM AGAINST MY SKIN . . .
THAT SHIT!
I CLEAN UP ALL TRACES OF HIS BLOOD . . . THE COLOR OF THE THAMES . . . AND DRAG HIS BODY TO THE WINDOW. . . .
I LET HIM GO . . .
AND I CAN'T SEE HIM ANYMORE. . .
PRETTY SOON, I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER HIS FACE. . .

THE NEXT MORNING I WAKE UP TO THE SOUND OF MACHINE GUNS.
MP
THEY'RE SHOOTING CLOSE TO THE HOTEL...
MP
MAY I TREAT YOU TO COFFEE?
HIS NAME IS IVAN VABEK, A JOURNALIST FROM YUGOSLAVIA.
JILL BIOSKOP? BIOSKOP MEANS MOVIE IN MY LANGUAGE. I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT THE NAME REALLY SUITS YOU.
I FIGURE, WHY NOT?

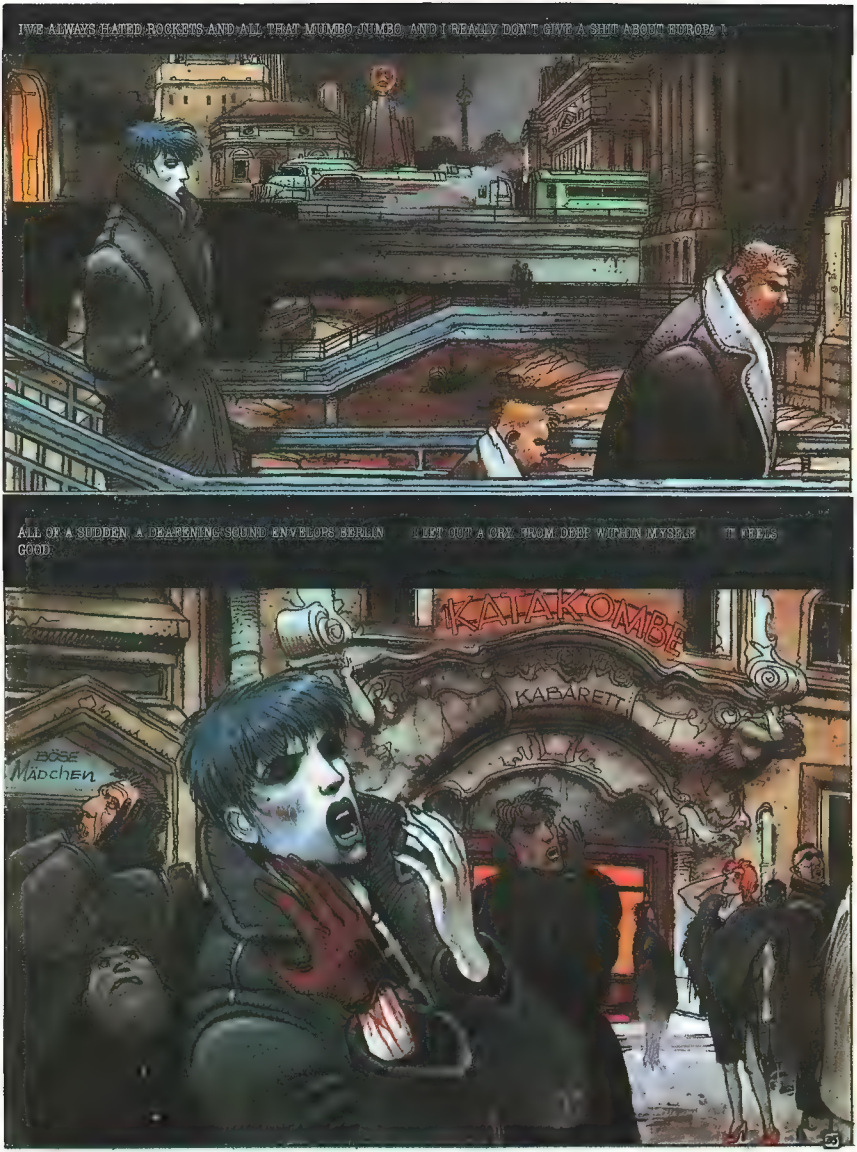
I HAD TO CHANGE MY GLOVE, TO A RED ONE... THE BLOOD WON'T SHOW...
WHILE I SIP HOT COFFEE, I WONDER WHETHER I'LL HAVE THE GUTS TO KILL IVAN ALSO... JUST LIKE THE OTHERS...
THE THOUGHT MOVES ME, ESPECIALLY SINCE I FEEL QUITE ATTRACTED TO HIM...
MP
HE TELLS ME A LONG STORY ABOUT THE EUROPA I, OF WHICH I SEEM TO REMEMBER ONLY THAT HE'LL TRY TO BREAK INTO THE AIRPORT, AND WOULD LIKE TO TAKE ME OUT TO DINNER TOMORROW NIGHT.
I ACCEPT... JUST THEN A ROCKET EXPLODES CLOSE TO THE HOTEL...
WHY ALL THIS FIGHTING OUTSIDE?
IT'S FOR THE STUPIDEST REASON... EVERY JOURNALIST ENDS UP BY WRITING ABOUT IT AT LEAST ONCE IN HIS LIFE... THE PEOPLE IN BERLIN CALL IT THE "EIERKRIEG"-- EGG WAR... I CAN GIVE YOU MY PASS AND YOU CAN GO FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF.
30

IT SOUNDS INTERESTING... SO I LEAVE RIGHT AWAY.
DO YOU HAVE A PERMIT?
PRESS.
BE CAREFUL, THE ISLAMO-CHRISTIANS ARE TERRIBLE SHOTS.
MP
I FIND MY "GUIDE" JUST ROUND THE CORNER... HIS NAME IS IBRAHIM. 14 YEARS OLD.
"HOW MUCH?" I ASK.
A LOT!

BUT IT WILL BE LESS FOR YOU, I LIKE YOU! I LOVE YOUR BLUE HAIR AND YOUR WHITE SKIN...
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS WAR?
NOTHING, THAT'S WHY I'M HERE!
LOOK, OVER THERE!


LOOK, THEY HAD A BIG ONE OVER THERE !!

THAT NIGHT I START MY FIRST ARTICLE ON THE BERKREG.
MY HAND IS NOW COVERED WITH NICK'S BLOOD. OR MAYBE IT'S JEFF'S? I HAVE TO FIND LONGER GLOVES . . . RUMOR HAS IT THAT THE ASTROPORT IS CLOSED TO THE PRESS. A "SECURITY MEASURE" . . . MY COLLEAGUES ARE PISSED OFF.
I FEEL LIKE GOING FOR A WALK. . .


I'VE ALWAYS HATED ROCKETS AND ALL THAT MUMBO JUMBO, AND I REALLY DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT EUROPA !
ALL OF A SUDDEN, A DEAFENING SOUND ENVELOPS BERLIN
I LET OUT A CRY, FROM DEEP WITHIN MYSELF
IT FEELS GOOD
KATAKOMBE
KABARETT
BÖSE MÄDCHEN

THE SOUND STOPS SUDDENLY. EUROPA 1 HAS LANDED. I THINK ABOUT IVAN, WHO MUST BE THERE NOW. I KNOW HOW TO MAKE HIM TELL ME ALL HE KNOWS WHEN HE COMES BACK.
WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
ALL DEAD...SHE'S THE ONLY SURVIVOR...
CAN YOU HEAR ME?
WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
ALL DEAD...SHE'S THE ONLY SURVIVOR....
CAN YOU HEAR ME?

YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME, FATHER?
YES...
WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU IS VERY IMPORTANT...! ASK YOU NOT TO INTERRUPT ME AND TO HOLD YOUR QUESTIONS FOR THE END... I'LL BE BRIEF....
I'M ALL EARS...
HORUS, THE PARANOID GOD, IS BACK ON EARTH...WE HAVE TO MEET AGAIN, IT'S OUR DESTINY...SO TWO THINGS CAN HAPPEN: EITHER HE COMES TO ME OR I GO TO HIM...
?
I'VE CHOSEN TO GO TO HIM, FOR TWO REASONS: FIRST OF ALL, HE'S ALREADY MASSACRED TOO MANY PEOPLE, HE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED, AND SECONDLY, NO MATTER WHAT I DO...
...I'LL NEVER GET USED TO THIS SOCIETY...GOING BACK TO HORUS MEANS GOING BACK TO THAT ABSURD AND IRRATIONAL EXISTENCE WHICH STARTED ON THAT HORRIBLE DAY IN 1993... I'D RATHER FOLLOW IT TO THE END....
IT REALLY AMUSES ME...
BUT FATHER....
THAT'S WHY YOU'VE GOT TO FIND ME A MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION-- THE CAT AND I ARE LEAVING RIGHT NOW.

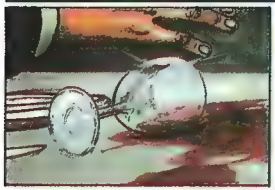
I START DRESSING AND DECIDE TO PUT ON SOME LIPSTICK . . . I NEVER DO . . . BUT TONIGHT I FEEL LIKE IT AND I'M ALSO VERY HUNGRY . . .

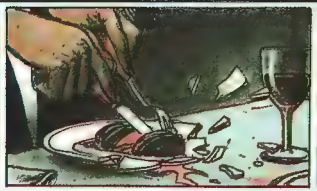
DONE !
THE TIME HAS COME TO PUT YOU TO THE TEST, VABEK, EVEN THOUGH YOU SEEM VERY UPSET. I HOPE YOU WILL TOLERATE MY PRESENCE IN YOUR BODY, AND THE ADDED CEREBRAL PRESSURE.

I NOTICE IMMEDIATELY THAT VABEK HAS CHANGED.
BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS. . . .

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TASTE THIS, SIR ?
MAYBE HIS EXPRESSION
HE LOOKS ABSENT, AND SO TOUGH
FASTER..
FASTER...
THIS WINE TASTES LIKE CORK...
HIS VOICE IS
DIFFERENT

WE EAT VERY BADLY THAT EVENING, AND WE TALK VERY LITTLE. . . HE SAYS NOTHING ABOUT EUROPA I. COMPLETE SILENCE. . . A TREMOR SEIZES HIM AFTER THE APPETIZER. . . HE LEAVES THE TABLE THREE TIMES, OVERTURNS HIS GLASS TWICE AND BREAKS HIS PLATE TRYING TO CUT HIS MEAT.



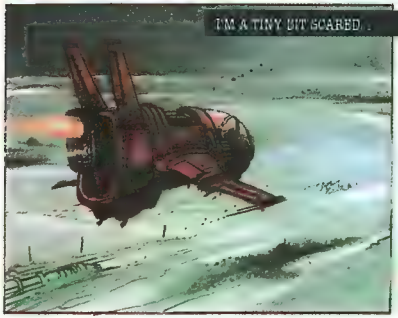


WHEN DESSERT IS SERVED, HIS NOSE STARTS TO BLEED. . .

IN MY ROOM, HE STARTS TO OPEN THE CHAMPAGNE, BUT LOSES HIS BALANCE, AND

HIS REASON, SOON THEREAFTER.

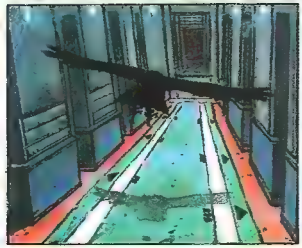
I'M A TINY BIT SCARED. . .

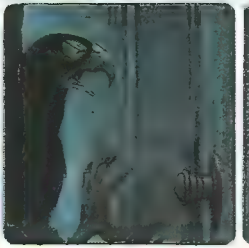


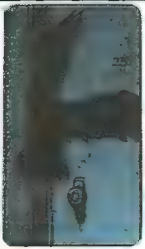
I'M VERY SCARED!

WHAT HAPPENS LATER IS REALLY INCREDIBLE . . . I DECIDE TO WRITE IT ALL DOWN FOR MY READERS IN 1993 . . . I RUN TO THE BATHROOM AND LOCK MYSELF IN, FAR AWAY FROM THE THAMES-COLORED STUFF THAT'S ALL OVER MY BED. THE TITLE OF MY PIECE IS: "TRAGEDY AT THE MAUERPALAST."

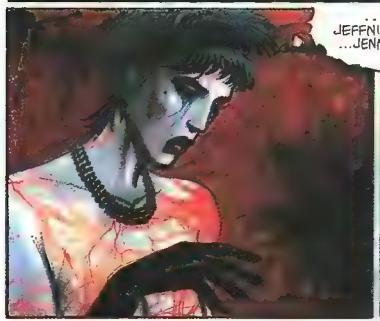
THE THREE MEN I'VE BEEN WITH ARE JEFF NICK AND IVAN ALL THREE . . .

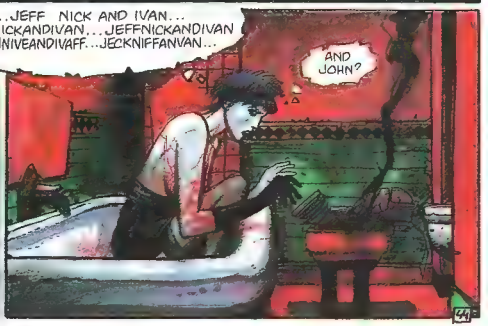






THESE THREE MEN ARE JEFF NICK AND IVAN . . . THEIR NAMES ARE JEFF NICK AND IVAN . . . THE FIRST IS JEFF . . . THE SECOND IS NICK . . . AND THE LAST IS IVAN. THEY ARE JEFF NICK AND IVAN. JECK NIFF AND IVAN. JEN NIVE AND IVAFF JIVE NICK AND IFFAN JEFF NICK . . .





IV
MISTER NIKOPOL, ROOM 412...
I'D PREFER ROOM 237, IF IT'S AVAILABLE.
MP
THANK YOU. YOU CAN PUT IT THERE.
MP
CALM DOWN, GOGOL, CALM DOWN...
HORUS! THIS IS NIKOPOL! I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!
WE HAVE TO TALK, DON'T YOU AGREE?

BERLIN 1
THANKS TO THIS CAT, WHO HAS TELEPATHIC POWERS, I'VE BEEN ABLE TO FOLLOW YOUR RETURN TO EARTH.
I DON'T LIKE CATS...
FINE! LET'S FORGET ABOUT THE PAST... LET'S BURY IT!
POLICE! FOLLOW US...

YOU KNOW, HORUS, I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT OUR RELATION-SHIP AND THIS STRANGE SITUATION ...
I'M ALL EARS...
IT'S VERY SIMPLE, WE'RE BOTH ON OUR WAY TO BE-COMING DROPOUTS--EACH IN HIS OWN WORLD. YOU, IN A WORLD OF GODS, WHICH I DON'T UNDERSTAND AND YOU HATE, AND I, ON MY PART, IN THIS HUMAN SOCIETY WHICH YOU DESPISE AND I FEEL ALIENATED FROM.
DER AMERIK FREUND
BRUNO GANZ
WIM WE
SO, WHAT I WANT TO DO IS FORM A PARTNERSHIP WITH DEFINITE RULES -- A KIND OF MORAL CONTRACT. WE'LL BOTH DO BETTER IF WE COMPLEMENT EACH OTHER. I'M READY TO RECEIVE YOU IN MY BODY, AND YOU KNOW MY BODY WON'T REJECT YOU AS ALL THE OTHERS HAVE.
AND WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR THAT SERVICE?

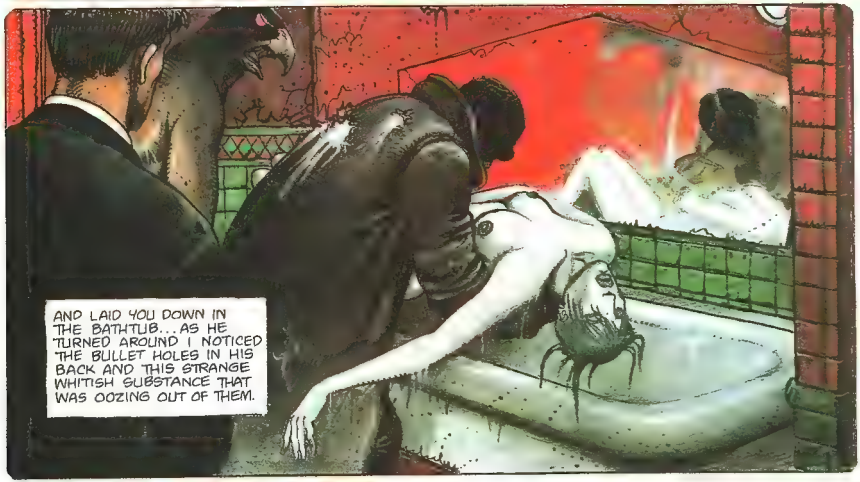
I WANT TO LIVE SOME EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES... I WANT TO LIVE YOUR LIFE FOR A WHILE. AND I ALSO WANT YOU TO STOP THIS CARNAGE AND TO BECOME, IF POSSIBLE MORE HUMAN!
IS THAT ALL?
NO, I ALSO WANT YOU TO INTRODUCE ME TO THE GIRL WITH THE BLUE HAIR. I WAS QUITE TAKEN WITH HER PERFORMANCE IN MY LAST NIGHTMARE.
WE FOUND YOU IN THE SHOWER, MUMBLING SOME GIBBERISH.
HOTEL

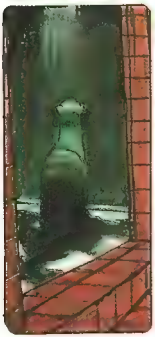
YOU WERE RUBBING YOUR BODY WITH GREAT VIGOR, AND YOUR TYPEWRITER WAS SMOKING-- I'M SURE I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU AT THAT VERY MOMENT. HORUS WAS PERPLEXED AND SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSED.

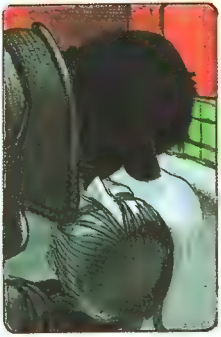
...AT THAT MOMENT, THIS GUY CAME IN. OR APPEARED, I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHICH. HIS FACE WAS COVERED IN BLACK GAUZE, AND HE GAVE OFF AN AURA OF STRENGTH AND SERENITY... NOBODY SAID A WORD, NOT EVEN HORUS.

HE WENT FOR YOUR PILLS, AND COUNTED THEM : NINE YELLOW ONES AND TWO RED ONES. HE CHOSE FOUR, TWO YELLOW AND TWO RED, AND MURMURED IN A STRANGE, HOLLOW VOICE :

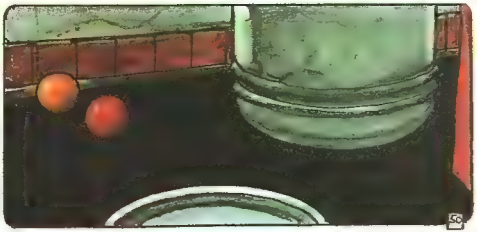
"YOU TOOK THE WRONG DOSE, YOU SILLY ONE."
THEN HE TOOK YOU OUT OF THE SHOWER AND MADE YOU SWALLOW THE SEVEN YELLOW PILLS THAT WERE LEFT.


AND LAID YOU DOWN IN THE BATHTUB.. AS HE TURNED AROUND I NOTICED THE BULLET HOLES IN HIS BACK AND THIS STRANGE WHITISH SUBSTANCE THAT WAS OOZING OUT OF THEM.



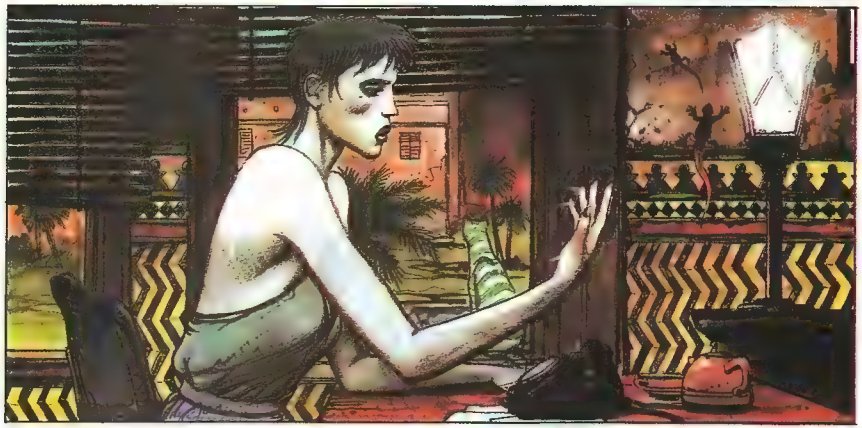


HE KISSED YOU ONCE, THEN SWALLOWED TWO PILLS (YELLOW AND RED) AND SAID: "THE TWO THAT ARE LEFT ARE FOR HER, SHE MIGHT NEED THEM ONE DAY, FOR ANOTHER ADVENTURE."



THEN HE LEFT, AND I HEARD HIM SAY AS HE PUT ON HIS HAT: "LAST SOUVENIR." HORUS AND I WERE AS IF MADE OF STONE. WE COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT WAS GOING ON. THEN HE DISAPPEARED, AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS HE HAD ARRIVED-- HIS BACK WAS STILL OOZING THAT WHITE STUFF.
THE SIGHT OF VABEK'S BODY LYING ON THE BED BROUGHT US BACK TO OUR SENSES.

THEN THINGS STARTED TO HAPPEN VERY FAST. WE LEFT IN A HURRY, BECAUSE A STRANGE PYRAMID HAD APPEARED IN THE SKY ABOVE BERLIN. WE TOOK YOU, STILL FAST ASLEEP, IN A TAXI-AIRPLANE WE HAD MANAGED TO STEAL, AND WE HEADED SOUTH! HORUS, WHO WAS VERY SURPRISED TO FIND OUT THAT HIS FAMILY WAS LOOKING FOR HIM, PILOTED THE TAXI LIKE A GOD! GOGOL, WHO'S COLOR HAD RETURNED TO NORMAL, WAS DELIGHTED TO LEAVE EUROPE, WHERE HE WAS WANTED FOR TERRORISM AND I, ALCIDE NIKOPOL THE ELDER, WAS SIMPLY WAITING FOR YOU TO WAKE UP!



The day after, I woke up, March 6, 2025. Cairo. I'm starting a journal, because I feel the need to write, even more than before.

Nikopol and Horus are lounging by the empty pool and it's very hot.

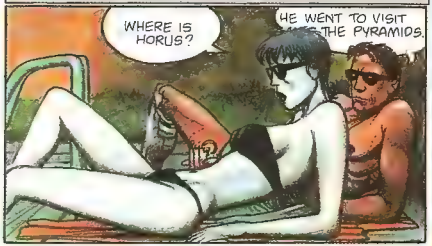
I've just reread the things I wrote on the skriptwalkers and I feel very detached from all that...

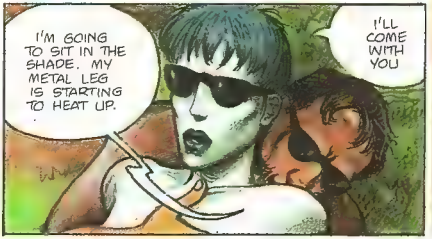
A few dead; blood the color of the Thames (!!!) was I out of my mind? No trace of blood remains on my body...

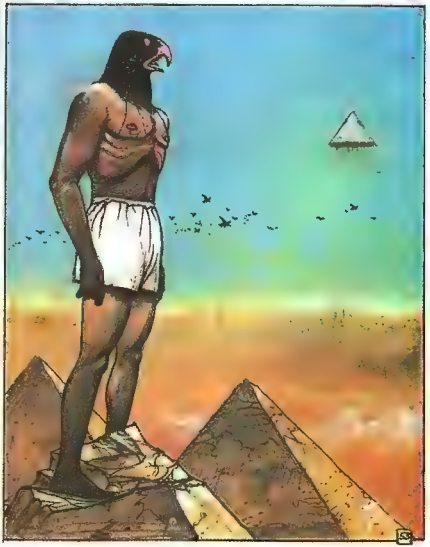
I'll pick up the telephone...

That same day, the 6TH of March 2025, I burn the testimony of that sad and brutal nightmare, which lasted 12 days... Except for Ivan, whom Horus killed in order to save my life (so he says), the other two, Jeff and Nick, were dead only in my mind. The only mystery is John, and I'm still shaken by that. As I burn the story of our love, I feel a chill through my body, and a sense of emptiness all around me. My memory, impaired by the HLV, cannot remember all the pain... I hope he will live happily without me, as I am trying to do without him....

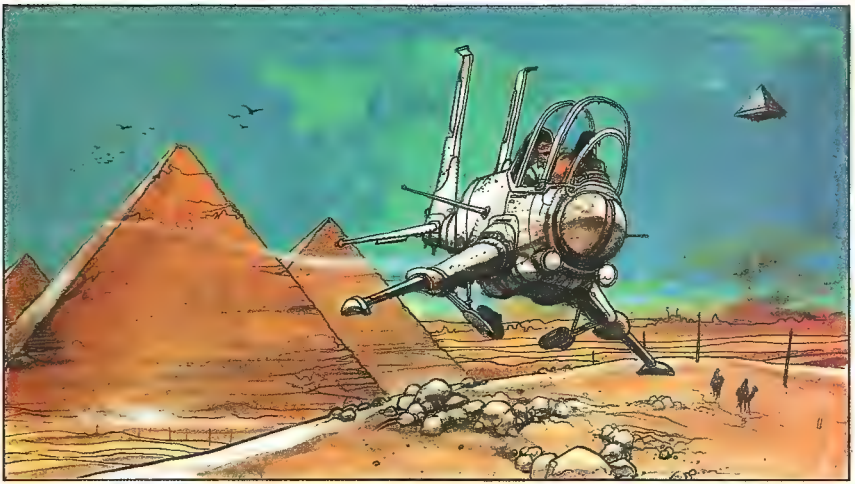
March 7TH 2025 — I have the feeling my life is going to start all over again. Etsy's every hair, but still no water in the pool.



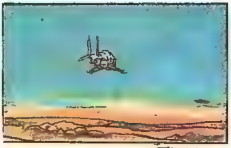




We have to leave in a hurry. The pyramid has appeared over Cairo. I feel okay. We are playing some sort of game, and it is fun. I stopped wondering about how my relationship with the strange Horus/Nikopol duo is going to develop....



I still feel scared at the thought of having an affair... but the presence of those two tiny pills in my pocket makes me feel safer.. I'm nearly happy now, and it's midday, and we are flying south, into the sun and the sand... Away from the northern cities, full of wounds and strange blue tears....



-BILAL-

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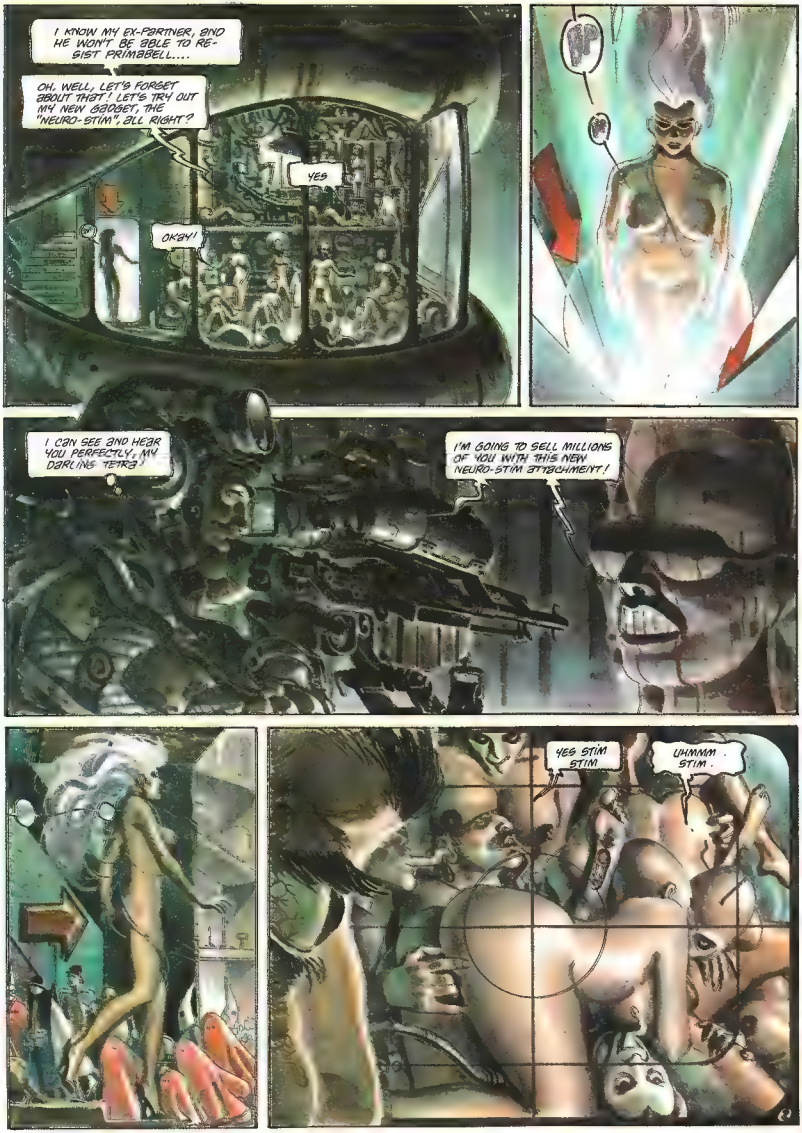
PRIMABELL

by Juan Gimenez

OKAY, PRIMABELL, "THE GIFT" AND THE DETECTOR ARE IN PLACE, YOU MUST GO AND SEE RUFUS. GET DRESSED AND HURRY UP!
I LOVE YOU, TETRA..
I LOVE YOU, TOO. YOU ARE A MOST WONDERFUL INVENTION... YOU ARE... THE BEST..
ZZZ BIP
BIP
JGIMENEZ ©
BETTER THAN ME?
THAN ME?
AND ME?
IT'S NOT THAT REALLY, IT'S JUST THAT SHE WAS THE PROTOTYPE FOR THE FIRST EROTIC DOLLS CENTER LINE. SHE IS, IN SOME WAY, A GRANDMOTHER TO YOU ALL.
BIP
TETRA, MY LOVE. ON THE NEWS THE OTHER DAY, I SAW RUFUS COMING OUT OF PRISON, AND HE SAID THAT HE INVENTED PRIMABELL, AND THAT YOU WERE TO BE BLAMED FOR HIS...
ENOUGH IDLE TALK! YOU MUST GO NOW, PRIMABELL. FIND RUFUS AND GIVE HIM MY BEST WISHES.
EROTICON
7

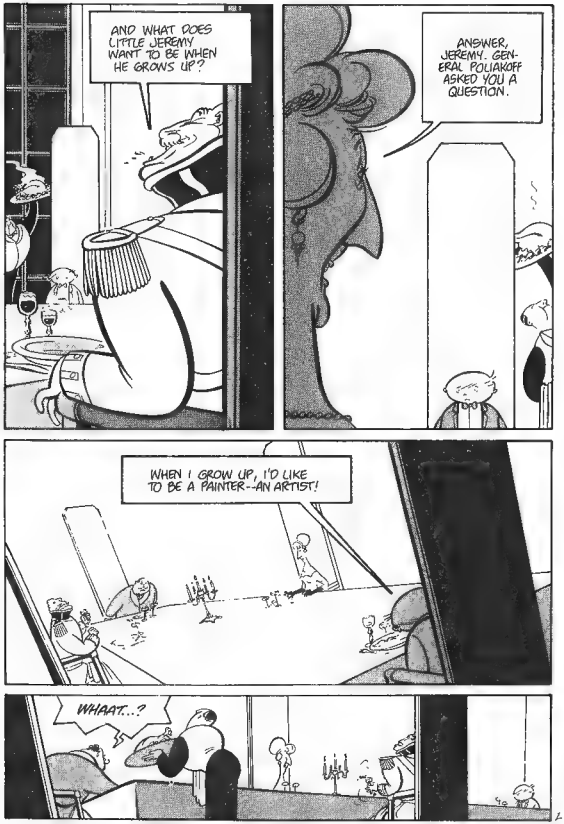

I KNOW MY EX-PARTNER, AND HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST PRIMABELL....
OH, WELL, LET'S FORGET ABOUT THAT! LET'S TRY OUT MY NEW GADGET, THE "NEURO-STIM", ALL RIGHT?
YES
OKAY!
I CAN SEE AND HEAR YOU PERFECTLY, MY DARLING TETRA!
I'M GOING TO SELL MILLIONS OF YOU WITH THIS NEW NEURO-STIM ATTACHMENT!
YES STIM STIM
UHMMM STIM.

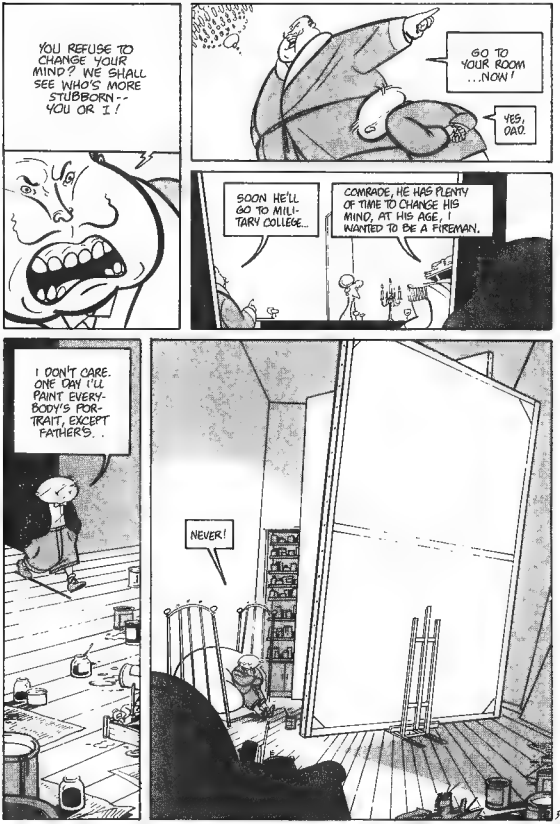
MSTIM
HMMSTIM
CALM D DOWN DARLINGS NOW, WHO'S TURN IS IT?
STIMM MMM
THAT'S RIGHT STIM. LET'S SEE IF THIS STIMULATES YOU, BROTHER TETRA!
AHHHHHH!
STIM ST
YOU KNEW YOUR TIME WOULD COME, TETRA! AND NOW

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT ALIVE!
ESMENEZ ©
PRIMABELL! MY DARLING! HOW IS MY GIRL? HOW DID YOU FIND ME?
I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU, RUFUS ..
BIP!
FROM TETRA? HA HA HA THAT SON OF A BITCH CAN'T SEND MESSAGES ANYMORE. COME WITH ME, LET'S GO.
I...
FIVE YEARS I SPENT IN PRISON . BUT NOW YOU'RE HERE, PRIMABELL. YOU WERE ALWAYS THE BEST...THE BEST ONE I EVER DID.. THE FIRST.. ALWAYS.
PEAK
YOU WERE ALWAYS SO INTENSE.
YES, DADDY
PLEK!
IRAM
THE END

LE PETIT PEINTRE

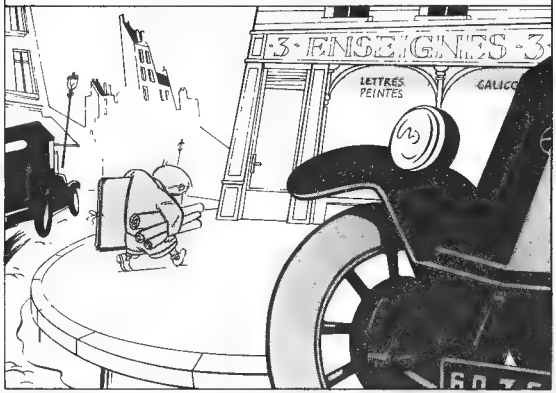
by Berberian and Dupay

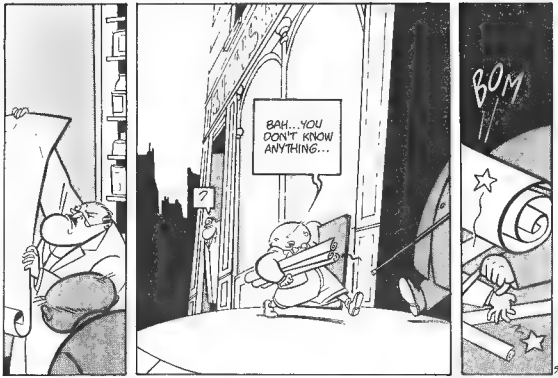

AND WHAT DOES LITTLE JEREMY WANT TO BE WHEN HE GROWS UP?
ANSWER, JEREMY. GENERAL POLIAKOFF ASKED YOU A QUESTION.
WHEN I GROW UP, I'D LIKE TO BE A PAINTER--AN ARTIST!
WHAAT..?

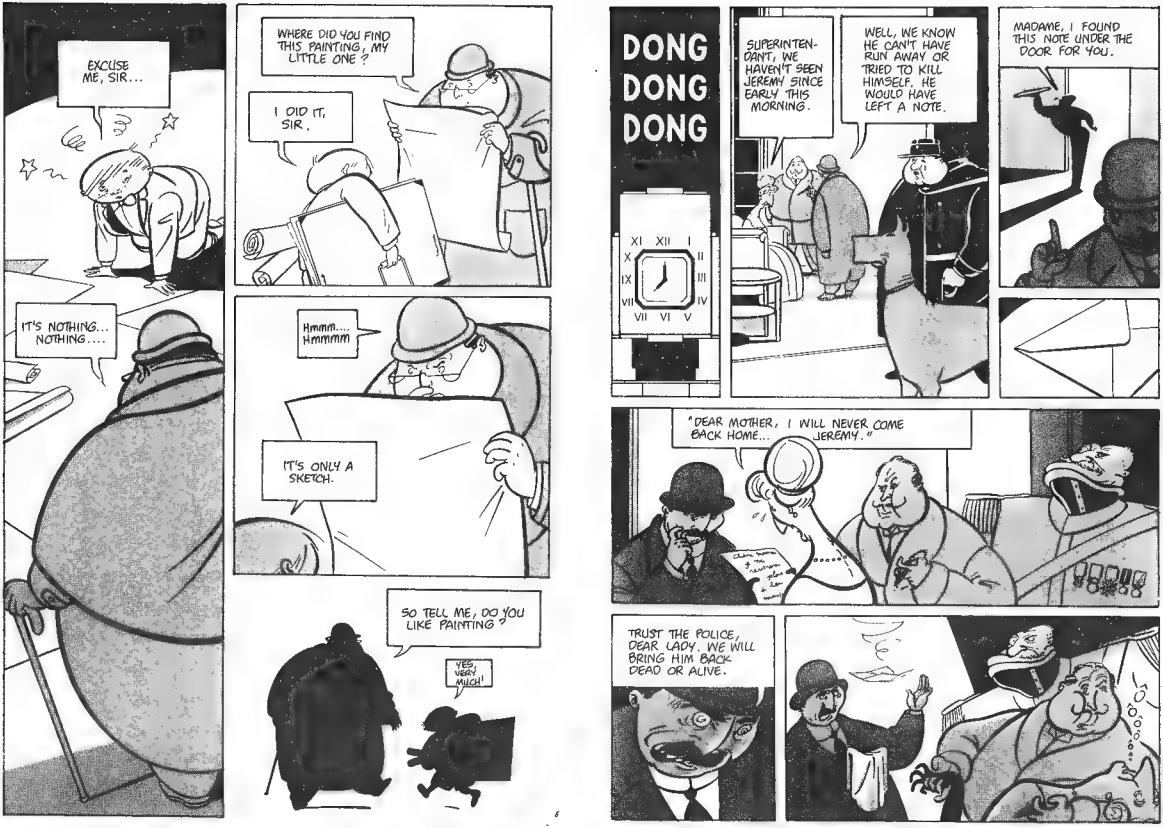

YOU REFUSE TO CHANGE YOUR MIND? WE SHALL SEE WHO'S MORE STUBBORN-- YOU OR I!
GO TO YOUR ROOM ...NOW!
YES, DAD.
SOON HE'LL GO TO MILITARY COLLEGE..
COMRADE, HE HAS PLENTY OF TIME TO CHANGE HIS MIND, AT HIS AGE, I WANTED TO BE A FIREMAN.
I DON'T CARE. ONE DAY I'LL PAINT EVERYBODY'S PORTRAIT, EXCEPT FATHER'S. .
NEVER!

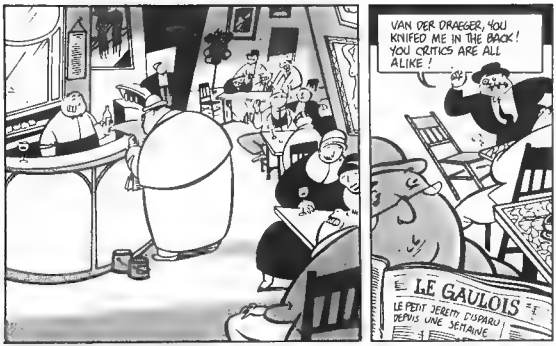
I KNOW... I DON'T DESERVE IT, I'M A NOBODY FORGIVE ME, MY SON!
JEREMY, WHY DIDN'T YOU PAINT MY PORTRAIT?
FATHER, YOU'RE MAKING A FOOL OF YOURSELF.
TELL US ABOUT YOUR CHILDHOOD. WAS IT AN UNHAPPY ONE?

THE NEXT DAY, FED UP WITH HIS PARENTS LACK OF SYMPATHY, JEREMY SEEKS THE ADVICE OF A CONNOISSEUR.





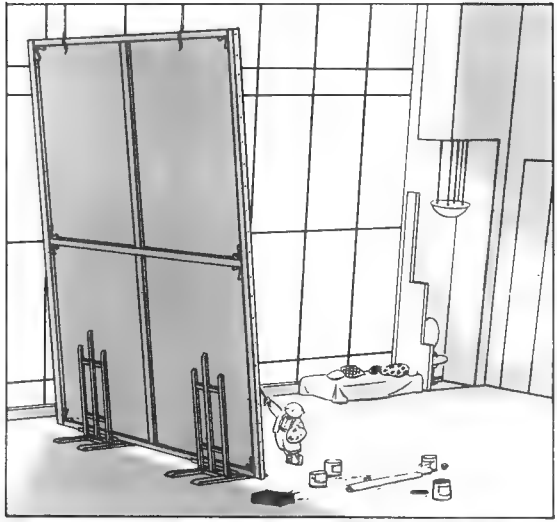

EXCUSE ME, SIR...
IT'S NOTHING... NOTHING....
WHERE DID YOU FIND THIS PAINTING, MY LITTLE ONE?
I DID IT, SIR.
Hmmm.... Hmmmm
IT'S ONLY A SKETCH.
SO TELL ME, DO YOU LIKE PAINTING?
YES, VERY MUCH!
DONG DONG DONG
SUPERINTENDANT, WE HAVEN'T SEEN JEREMY SINCE EARLY THIS MORNING.
WELL, WE KNOW HE CAN'T HAVE RUN AWAY OR TRIED TO KILL HIMSELF. HE WOULD HAVE LEFT A NOTE.
MADAME, I FOUND THIS NOTE UNDER THE DOOR FOR YOU.
"DEAR MOTHER, I WILL NEVER COME BACK HOME... JEREMY."
TRUST THE POLICE, DEAR LADY. WE WILL BRING HIM BACK DEAD OR ALIVE.

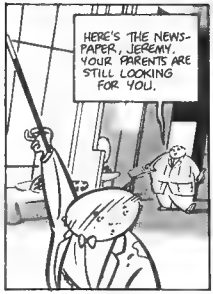

VAN DER DRAEGER, YOU KNIFED ME IN THE BACK! YOU CRITICS ARE ALL ALIKE!
LE GAULOIS
LE PETIT JEREMY DISPARU DEPUIS UNE SEMAINE

Le Dome
PARASITE! GARBAGE! TRAITOR!
DOME

OUF. IT'S HARD TO BE AN ART CRITIC!

DID YOU HAPPEN TO MEET A KID CARRYING A LARGE PORTFOLIO?

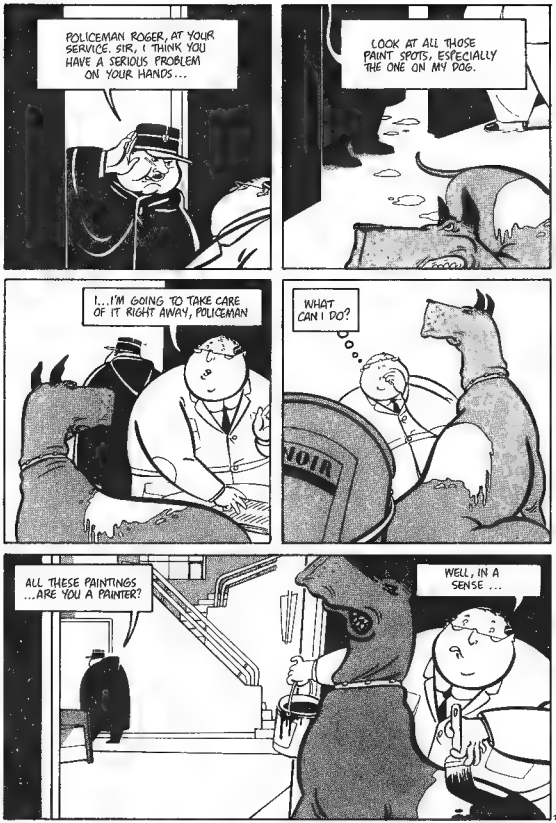



HERE'S THE NEWSPAPER, JEREMY. YOUR PARENTS ARE STILL LOOKING FOR YOU.

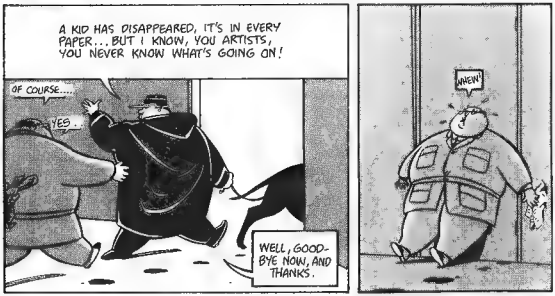
MOTHER MUST BE SO WORRIED!

COULDN'T I CALL HER, SO SHE'LL FEEL BETTER?
CALL HER? YOU KNOW THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

COME ON, JEREMY. IF YOUR MOTHER FINDS OUT WHERE YOU ARE, SHE WILL COME AND TAKE YOU BACK TO YOUR FATHER AND... AND... YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PAINT ANYMORE.
...WHILE HERE, YOU HAVE EVERYTHING YOU WAN...
DRRIIINNG
I'LL SEE WHO IT IS. DON'T MOVE FROM HERE.
WHO CAN IT BE?

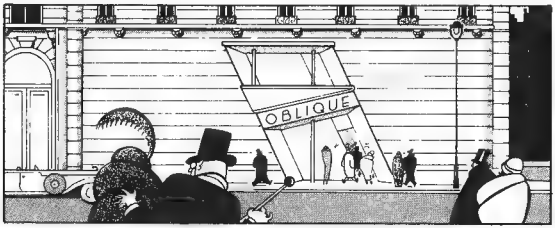

POLICEMAN ROGER, AT YOUR SERVICE. SIR, I THINK YOU HAVE A SERIOUS PROBLEM ON YOUR HANDS...
LOOK AT ALL THOSE PAINT SPOTS, ESPECIALLY THE ONE ON MY DOG.
I...I'M GOING TO TAKE CARE OF IT RIGHT AWAY, POLICEMAN
WHAT CAN I DO?
ALL THESE PAINTINGS ...ARE YOU A PAINTER?
WELL, IN A SENSE ...

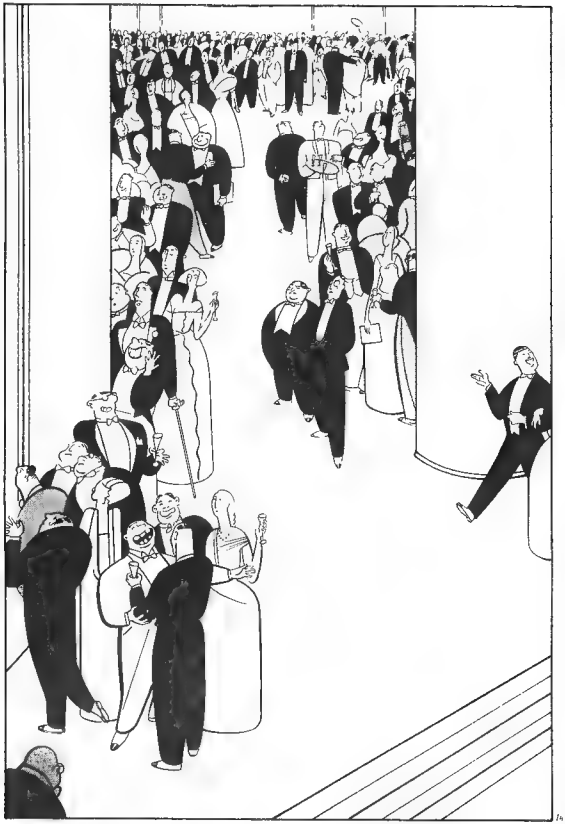
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS STUFF, YOU KNOW. BUT I LIKE WHAT YOU DO. AT LEAST THERE ARE NO NAKED WOMEN...
YES. THANK YOU... HMM YOUR DOG IS ALL CLEAN NOW.
OH, HAVE YOU READ THE NEWSPAPER LATELY?
VERY LITTLE


A KID HAS DISAPPEARED, IT'S IN EVERY PAPER... BUT I KNOW, YOU ARTISTS, YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!
OF COURSE...
YES...
WELL, GOOD-BYE NOW, AND THANKS.
WHEN!

AHA! I SEE YOU ARE BACK AT WORK. GOOD! IN A MONTH OR SO I WILL SHOW ALL YOUR WORK, AND YOU'LL BECOME THE MOZART OF PAINTING!

L'AFFAIRE JEREMY
QUE FAIT LA FOLLE...
EXPO/IT
GALER
OBLIQ
pein

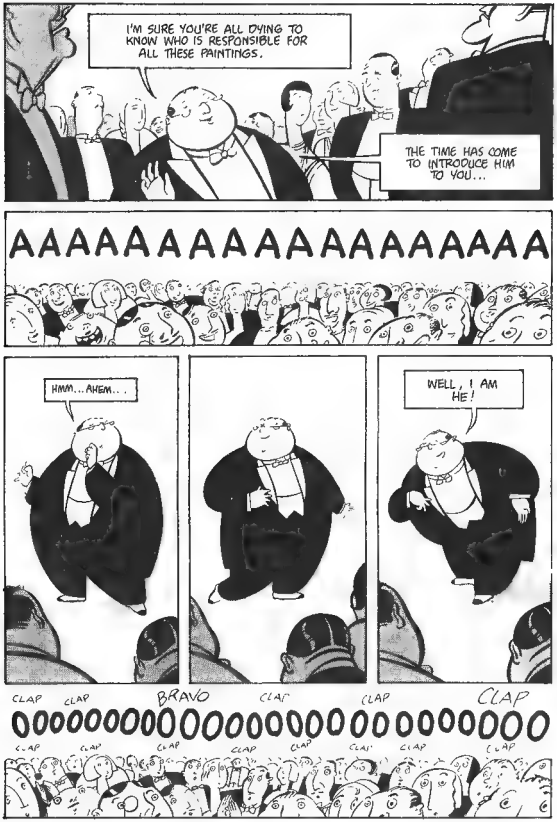

OBLIQUE



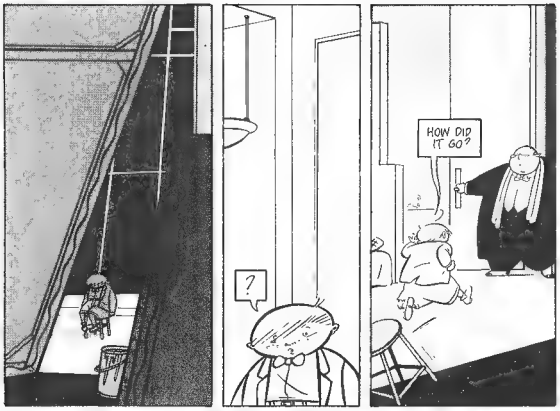
DIVINE!
WHAT FEELING!
IT'S SO BEAUUUTIFUL.

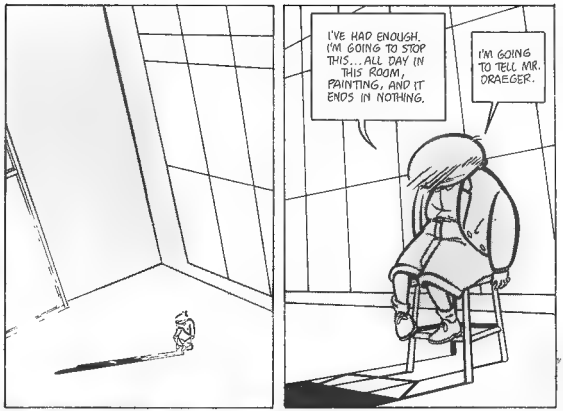
IT'S SO FRUSTRATING. EVERYBODY'S SAYING IT'S GENIUS, BUT NOBODY KNOWS WHOM TO CONGRATULATE. I WONDER WHAT VAN DER DRAGON IS HIDING UP HIS SLEEVE.
OH, THAT DIABOLICAL VAN DRAEGER!

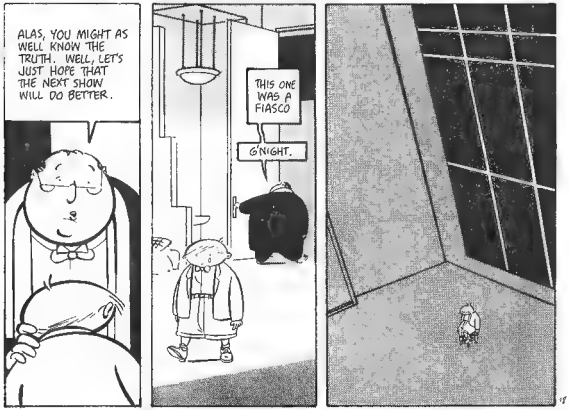
HEM! AHEM! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE!
AH AH AH AH
?

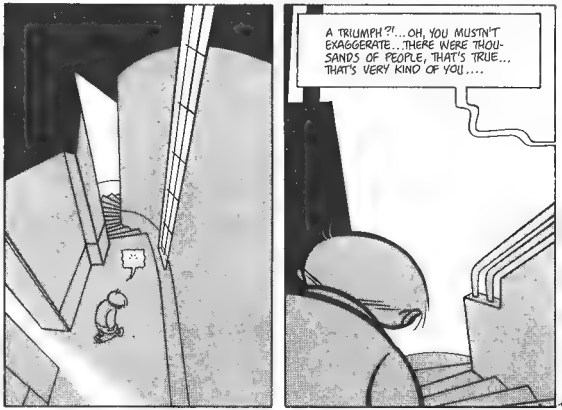

I'M SURE YOU'RE ALL DYING TO KNOW WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THESE PAINTINGS.
THE TIME HAS COME TO INTRODUCE HIM TO YOU...
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
HMM... AHEM...
WELL, I AM HE!
CLAP CLAP BRAVO CLAP CLAP CLAP
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
C-AP C-AP C-AP C-AP C-AP C-AP C-AP C-AP

VAN DER DRAEGER, YOU OLD KNAVE!
DEAR FRANCIS, WHAT A JOLLY SURPRISE. PLEASE LET ME INTRODUCE MISS SOLANGE DUBREUIL
ENCHANTED.
MEANWHILE...
WELL, SUPERINTENDANT...
ALAS, NO NEWS OF THE FUGITIVE
HOWEVER, WE HAVE FOUND A SHADOWY INDIVIDUAL, A BOLSHEVICK IT SEEMS, WHO COULD VERY WELL BE THE PEDOPHILE MURDERER.
A... MURDERER?
JUST A GUY WHO LIKES LITTLE CHILDREN....
THAT'S ALL.
HO?..

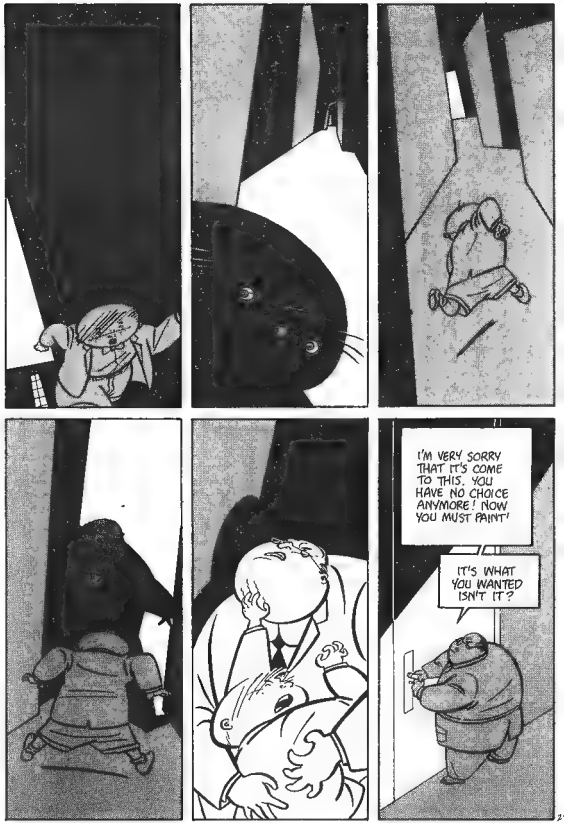

?
HOW DID IT GO?


I'VE HAD ENOUGH. I'M GOING TO STOP THIS... ALL DAY IN THIS ROOM, PAINTING, AND IT ENDS IN NOTHING.
I'M GOING TO TELL MR. DRAEGER.


ALAS, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW THE TRUTH. WELL, LET'S JUST HOPE THAT THE NEXT SHOW WILL DO BETTER.
THIS ONE WAS A FIASCO
G'NIGHT.


A TRIUMPH?!... OH, YOU MUSTN'T EXAGGERATE... THERE WERE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE, THAT'S TRUE... THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU....

WELL, YES... I'M GOING TO STOP WRITING CRITICISM AND DEVOTE MYSELF TO PAINTING... I'M REALLY FLATTERED. THANK YOU... WE WILL TALK AGAIN SOON.
?!
JEREMY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
JEREMY, DON'T BE AN IDIOT!
FILTHY HUMAN GARBAGE!!


I'M VERY SORRY THAT IT'S COME TO THIS. YOU HAVE NO CHOICE ANYMORE! NOW YOU MUST PAINT!
IT'S WHAT YOU WANTED ISN'T IT?

A FEW MONTHS LATER

NE NOUVELLE EXPOSITI...

Après avoir marqué la saison hivernale avec une exposi- tion des plus éblouissantes, l'infatigable Van Der Draeger travaille à une nouvelle collection de chefs d'œuvre qui nous sera présentée à l'automne prochain.

Notons qu'à cette occasion notre charmante collabora- trice Solange Dubreuil redige monographie

travaille à collection de chefs d'œu... qui nous sera présentée à l'automne prochain.

Notons qu'à cette occasion, notre charmante collabora- trice Solange Dubreuil rédige la première monographie consacrée au maître.

Autrefois critique d'art et first peintre impétient, Théodor Van Der Draeger a su prouver qu'il était capable d'exprimer l'image en la créant

JOURNAL DU ART

LE SCANDALE D'AVRIL

DING

?

HELLO!

SOLANGE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE HARD AT WORK ON MY BIOGRAPHY. HAVE YOU FINISHED ALREADY?

I AM MISSING SOME ELEMENTS.

OH?

I WOULD LIKE TO VISIT YOUR STUDIO, I....

12

IMPOSSIBLE, IT'S IN TOTAL CHAOS. FURTHERMORE, SOME OF THE CANVASES ARE STILL WET, AND I DON'T WANT TO RISK AN ACCIDENT.

I UNDERSTAND.

I HAVE SOME PICTURES OF YOUR LATEST WORK.

I SEE. AND?

I AM SURPRISED, ALBEIT VERY AGREEABLY, BY YOUR DECISION TO COMPARE THE ACT OF PAINTING WITH THAT OF WRITING, AND TO DISTURB THE HEDONISTIC UNIVERSE OF YOUR PAINTINGS WITH A SORT OF GRAFFITI MESSAGE, GIVING VOICE TO A GESTURE. BUT WHAT HAVE YOU WRITTEN HERE: "HELP" OR "KELP"?

AH.. HMMMM....

YES, OF COURSE..."HELP" .. AREN'T WE ALL IN NEED OF HELP IN THESE TROUBLED TIMES? YOU KNOW, THE PAINTBRUSH IS LIKE A DIVINING ROD.. IN SEARCH OF TRUTH....

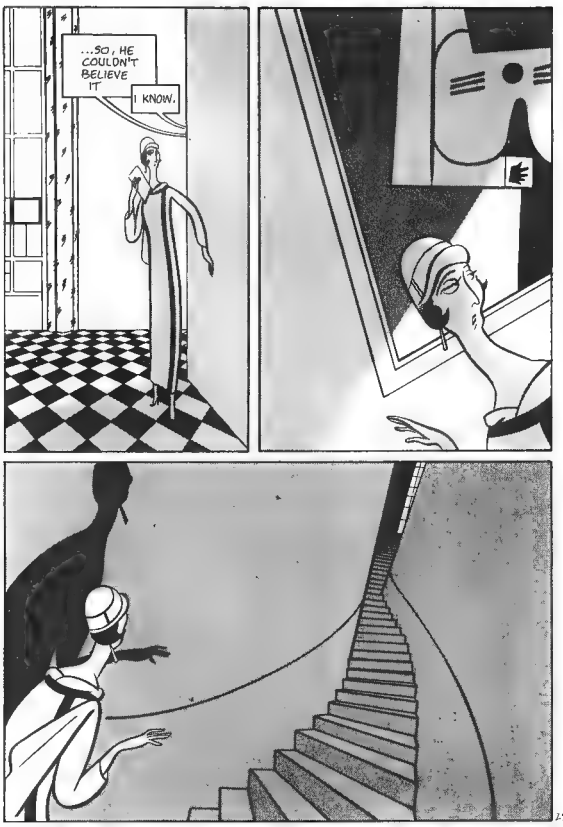
ENOUGH OF THAT! LET'S NOT TRY TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING. PAINTING HAS TO DO, FIRST OF ALL, WITH PURE EMOTION...

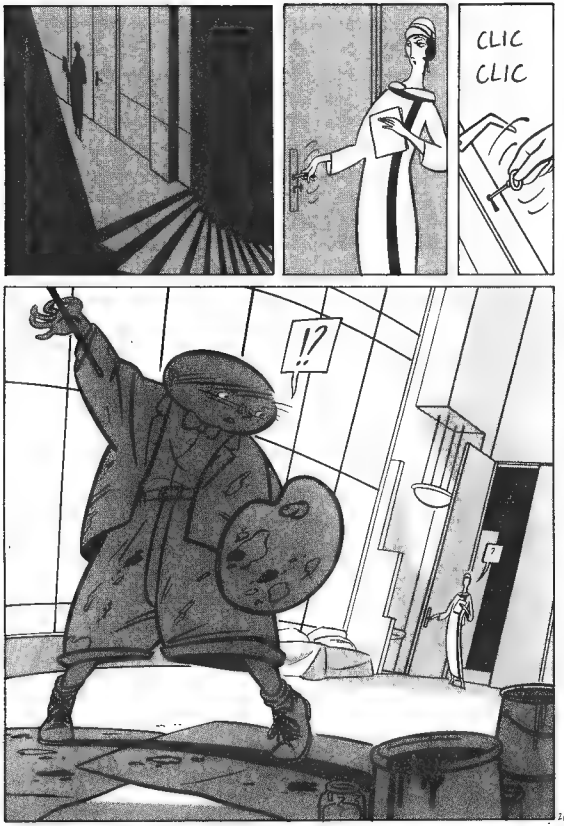
I AGREE..!....

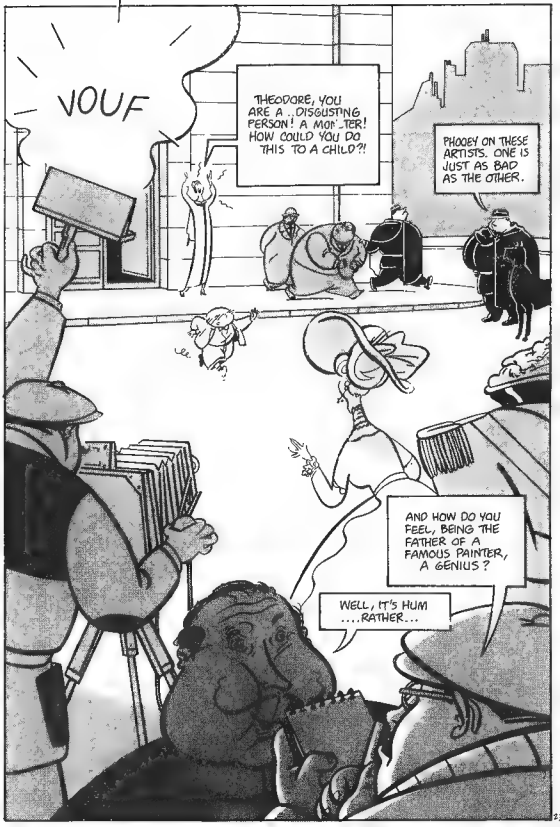
THAT'S ALL. AND NOW, MY DEAR SOLANGE, I DON'T WANT TO KEEP YOU.

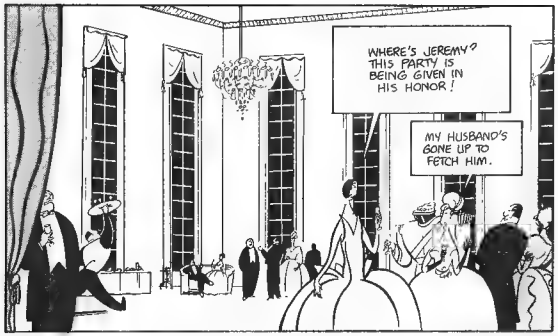
13

?
POLICEMAN ROGER, AT YOUR SERVICE. YOU DIDN'T TELL ME THAT YOU WERE SO WELL KNOWN IN THE PROFESSION!
OH?
SUPERINTENDANT ZAMARON KNOWS ALL ABOUT THIS STUFF--HE'S A COLLECTOR--SO I TOLD HIM ABOUT YOU, AND HE'S HEARD OF YOU!
OF COURSE.
SO, I TOLD THE SUPERINTENDANT THAT YOU AND I KNEW EACH OTHER, RATHER WELL, I SHOULD ADD...

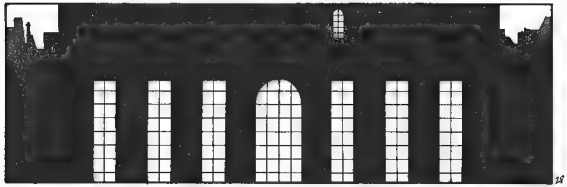

...SO, HE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT
I KNOW.


CLIC
CLIC
!?


VOUF
THEODORE, YOU ARE A ..DISGUSTING PERSON! A MON..TER! HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO A CHILD?!
PHOOEY ON THESE ARTISTS. ONE IS JUST AS BAD AS THE OTHER.
AND HOW DO YOU FEEL, BEING THE FATHER OF A FAMOUS PAINTER, A GENIUS?
WELL, IT'S HUM ....RATHER...



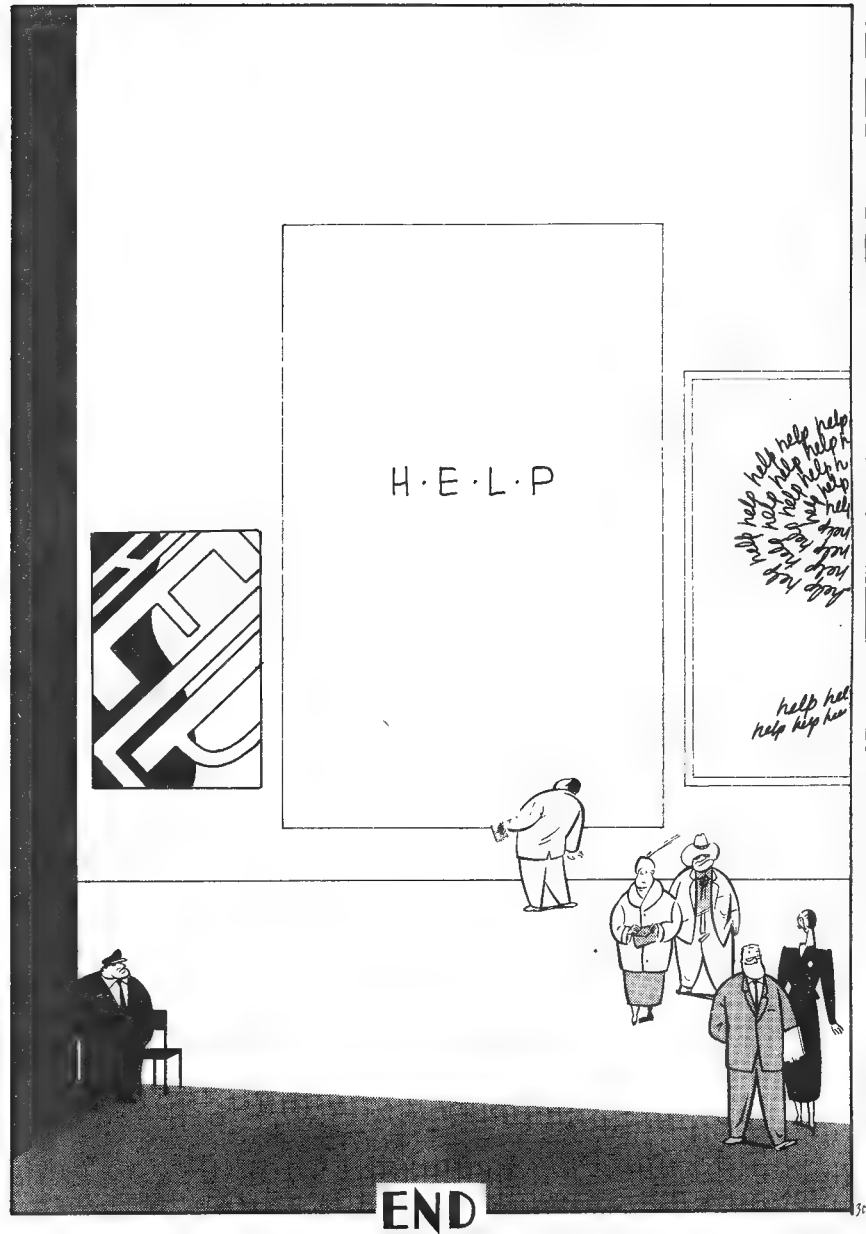
NOT AT ALL! YOU WON'T SEE SOLANGE OR ANYBODY ELSE FOR THAT MATTER, UNTIL YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR WORK!
HE WON'T LEAVE HIS PAINTING. I COULDN'T TAKE HIM AWAY. HE MIGHT JOIN US LATER, MAYBE...



A VISIT TO THE MUSEUM

EPILOGUE

YOU WILL NOTICE THE MASTERY WITH WHICH THE ARTIST HAS COMPOSED HIS CANVAS SO AS TO EXPRESS THE MESSAGE CENTRAL TO HIS ART.
MS. DUBREUIL, WHAT KIND OF MATERIALS IS HE USING, OIL OR INK?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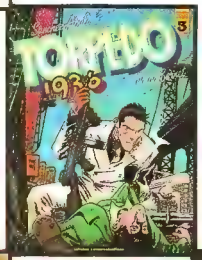

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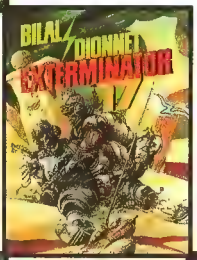

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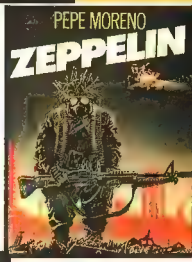

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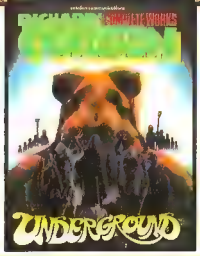

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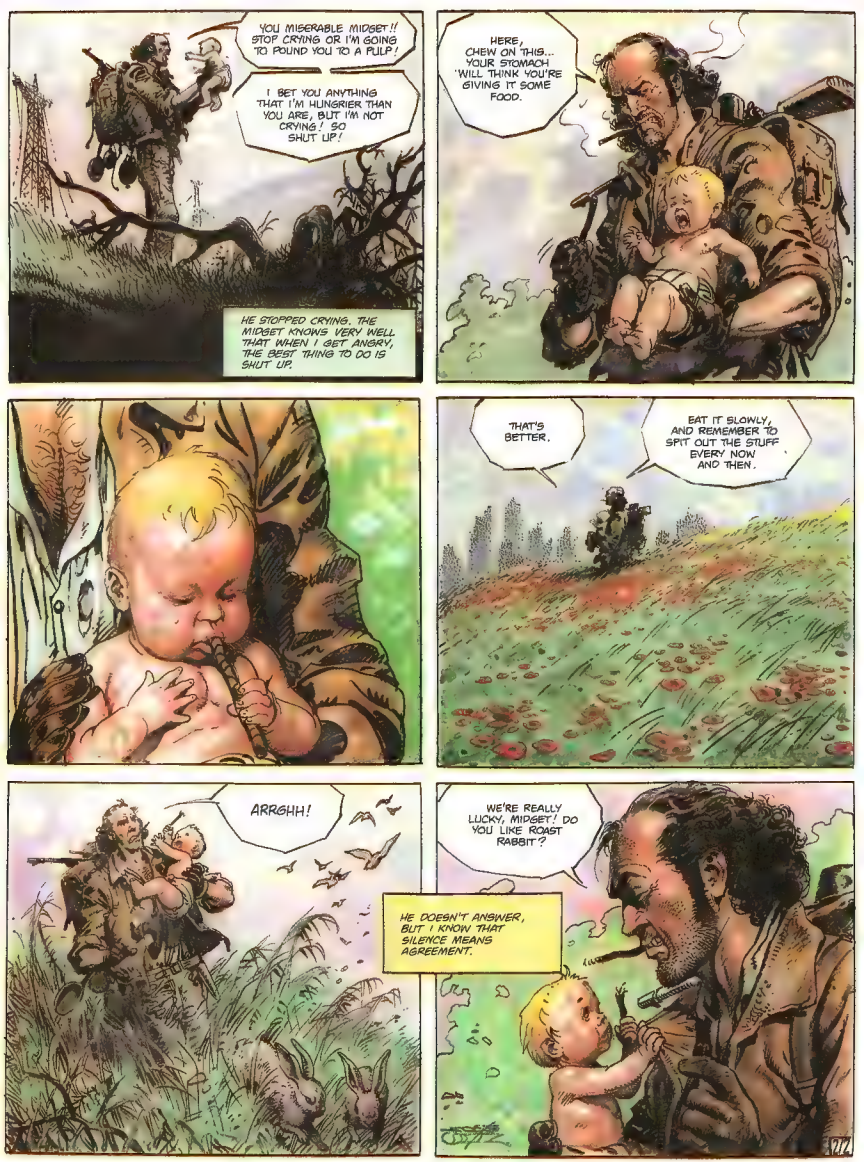
Please Don't Feed the Animals

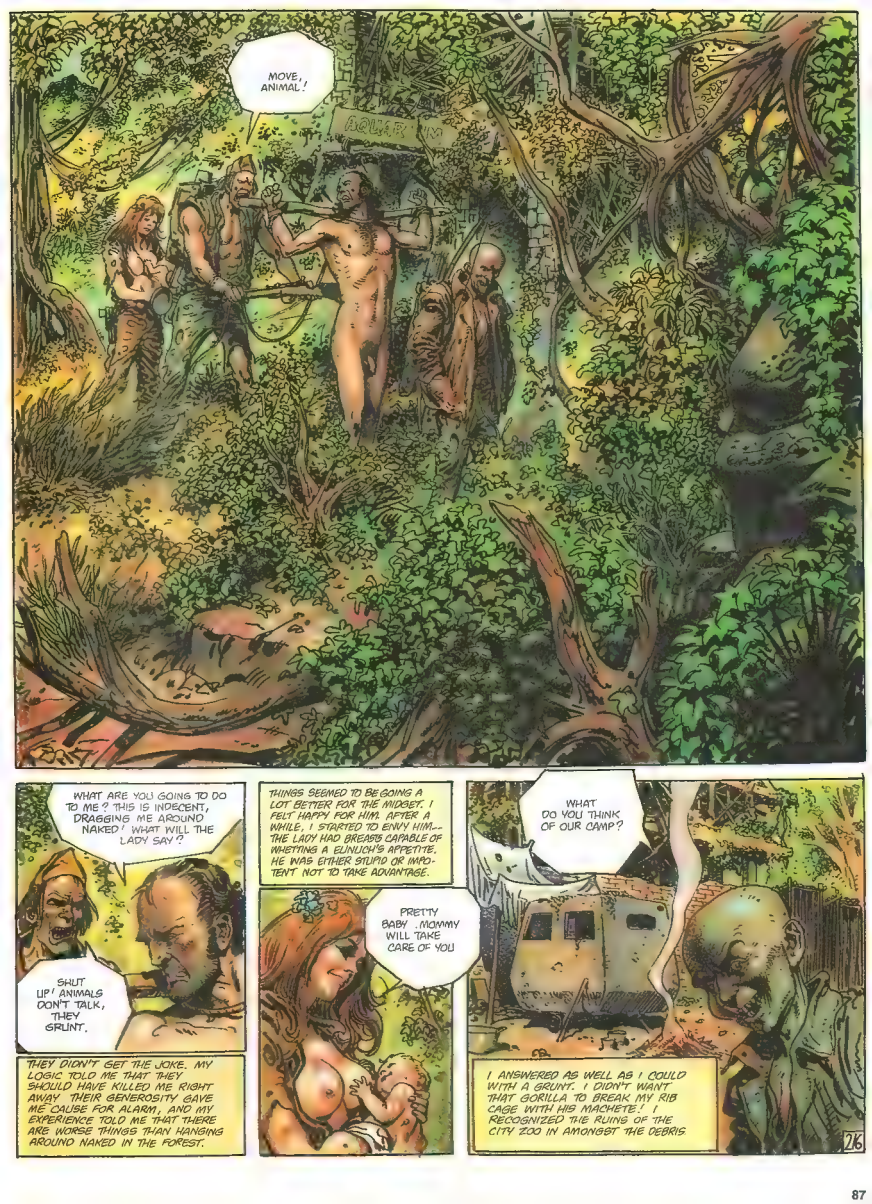
by Ortiz


YOU MISERABLE MIDGET!! STOP CRYING OR I'M GOING TO POUND YOU TO A PULP!
I BET YOU ANYTHING THAT I'M HUNGRIER THAN YOU ARE, BUT I'M NOT CRYING! SO SHUT UP!
HE STOPPED CRYING. THE MIDGET KNOWS VERY WELL THAT WHEN I GET ANGRY, THE BEST THING TO DO IS SHUT UP.
HERE, CHEW ON THIS... YOUR STOMACH WILL THINK YOU'RE GIVING IT SOME FOOD.
THAT'S BETTER.
EAT IT SLOWLY, AND REMEMBER TO SPIT OUT THE STUFF EVERY NOW AND THEN.
ARRGHH!
WE'RE REALLY LUCKY, MIDGET! DO YOU LIKE ROAST RABBIT?
HE DOESN'T ANSWER, BUT I KNOW THAT SILENCE MEANS AGREEMENT.

ZOO
TAP
TIP
TAP
IT'S READY.
WHO WOULD HAVE EVER GUESSED.. AT MY AGE, HERE I AM A NANNY!
WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO NURSE HIM? I'M SURE HE'D LIKE IT EVEN MORE!
HA! HA! ...THAT'S RIGHT, WHY DON'T YOU BARE YOUR TIT AND FEED HIM!
THAT'S RIGHT. YOU CAN DO ANYTHING YOU WANT EXCEPT PICK UP YOUR GUN. YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT THAT!
75

HAVE PITY ON US, I BEG OF YOU! DON'T HURT US!
WHOOSH!
WHHH!
CRUNK!
UUHHFFF!
UUGHHH!
CRUNK!
UUUHHH AAAHHGHH!
TZAAK

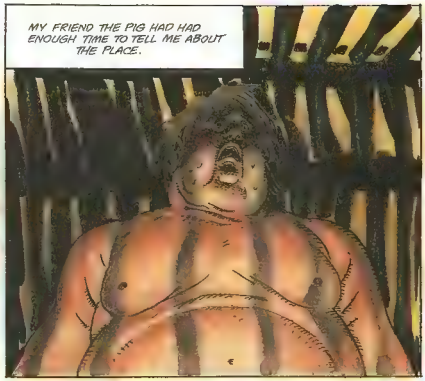
IS THAT 'ENOUGH FOR YOU, YOU ANIMAL, OR DO YOU WANT MORE?
GUEEEEEEEEE!
WHAT A NOISY BABY... I'LL HAVE TO SLIT HIS THROAT TO MAKE HIM STOP CRYING!
GULP GULP
YOU MISERABLE, DEMENTED SHREW! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU THIS TIME!
CALM DOWN!
LEAVE HER ALONE! SHE ALWAYS DOES THAT WHEN SHE SEES A BABY-- HER SYSTEM SHORT CIRCUITS. SHE THINKS IT'S HER BABY, THE ONE WHO DIED IN THE PLAGUE. DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT?
ALL RIGHT, LET ME GO.
AFTER ALL, IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHETHER YOU SLIT HIS THROAT NOW OR IN TWO MONTHS, AND THAT'S WHAT WILL END UP HAPPENING, RIGHT?
75

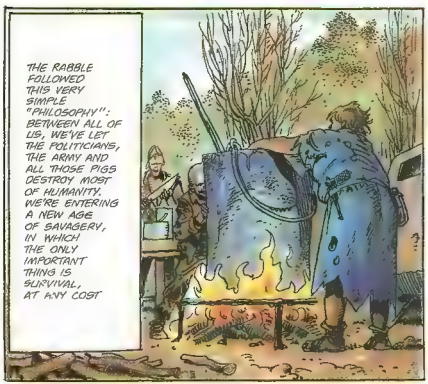

MOVE, ANIMAL!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME? THIS IS INDECENT, DRAGGING ME AROUND NAKED! WHAT WILL THE LADY SAY?
SHUT UP! ANIMALS DON'T TALK, THEY GRUNT.
THEY DIDN'T GET THE JOKE. MY LOGIC TOLD ME THAT THEY SHOULD HAVE KILLED ME RIGHT AWAY. THEIR GENEROSITY GAVE ME CAUSE FOR ALARM, AND MY EXPERIENCE TOLD ME THAT THERE ARE WORSE THINGS THAN HANGING AROUND NAKED IN THE FOREST.
THINGS SEEMED TO BE GOING A LOT BETTER FOR THE MIDGET. I FELT HAPPY FOR HIM, AFTER A WHILE. I STARTED TO ENVY HIM-- THE LADY HAD BREASTS CAPABLE OF WHETTING A EUNUCH'S APPETITE. HE WAS EITHER STUPID OR IMPOTENT NOT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE.
PRETTY BABY. MOMMY WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR CAMP?
I ANSWERED AS WELL AS I COULD WITH A GRUNT. I DIDN'T WANT THAT GORILLA TO BREAK MY RIB CAGE WITH HIS MACHETE! I RECOGNIZED THE RUINS OF THE CITY ZOO IN AMONGST THE DEBRIS
26

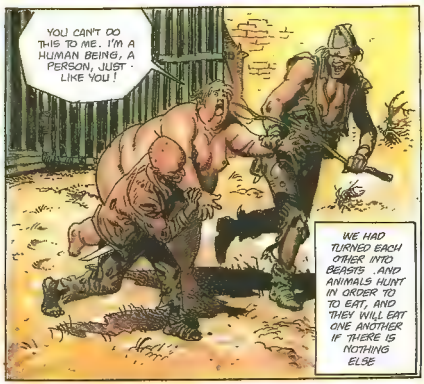
THE OTHER ANIMALS LOOKED REALLY STRANGE.
PLEASE DON'T FEED THE ANIMALS!
HELLO THERE, FATSO! DID YOU MISS ME? ...ANSWER ME, FATSO!
HUIGHHH! HUIGHH!
VERY GOOD, YOU ARE ENCHANTING!
LEAVE THE PIG ALONE, STUPID.
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS ANIMAL WE JUST CAUGHT?
BRING HIM CLOSER!
HE'S VERY THIN... AND TOUGH..
DF

BEAST!
PUT HIM IN A CELL. BUT FIRST, SOFTEN HIM UP A BIT!
SKREEK!
REMEMBER OUR DEAL, OLD MAN. YOU SAID THAT WE COULD HAVE THE PIG AS SOON AS WE BROUGHT BACK ANOTHER ANIMAL.
I SAID THAT? Hmmm...
AUOUH!
A DEAL'S A DEAL! HE MUST EAT ONLY GRASS, FOR TWO DAYS-- A PIG MUST BE PURGED BEFORE IT'S KILLED AND EATEN.
2/8

THREE DAYS WENT BY. I WAS STILL A PRISONER.

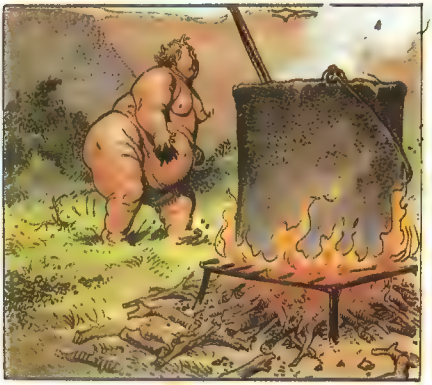

MY FRIEND THE PIG HAD HAD ENOUGH TIME TO TELL ME ABOUT THE PLACE.


THE RABBLE FOLLOWED THIS VERY SIMPLE "PHILOSOPHY": BETWEEN ALL OF US, WE'VE LET THE POLITICIANS, THE ARMY AND ALL THOSE PIGS DESTROY MOST OF HUMANITY. WE'RE ENTERING A NEW AGE OF SAVAGERY, IN WHICH THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IS SURVIVAL, AT ANY COST


YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME. I'M A HUMAN BEING, A PERSON, JUST LIKE YOU!
WE HAD TURNED EACH OTHER INTO BEASTS. AND ANIMALS HUNT IN ORDER TO TO EAT, AND THEY WILL EAT ONE ANOTHER IF THERE IS NOTHING ELSE

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MY LITTLE PIG. ARE YOU AFRAID?

THEIR PHILOSOPHY WAS VERY SIMPLE: EVERYTHING WAS PERMITTED BECAUSE EVERYTHING HAD BEEN LOST.
RUN, PIG, RUN... MAYBE YOU CAN SAVE YOURSELF...
279



BANG
BANG
BANG

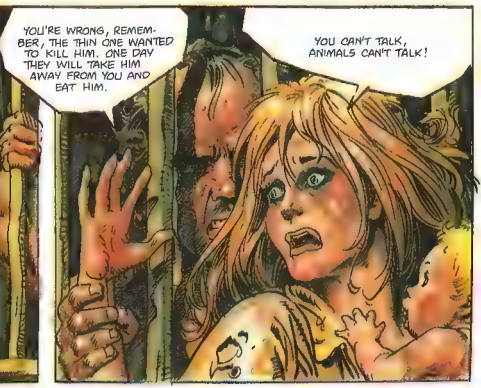
HA! HA! HA! HA!

WE MUST DRAIN THE BLOOD BEFORE HE GETS TOO COLD.

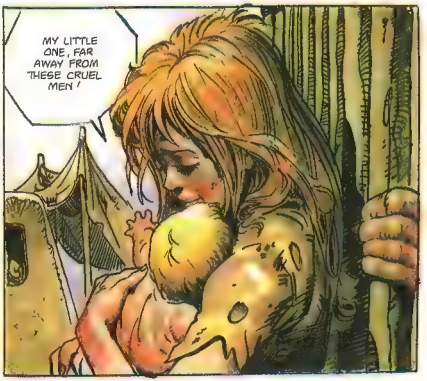
AHHHHHHHHH

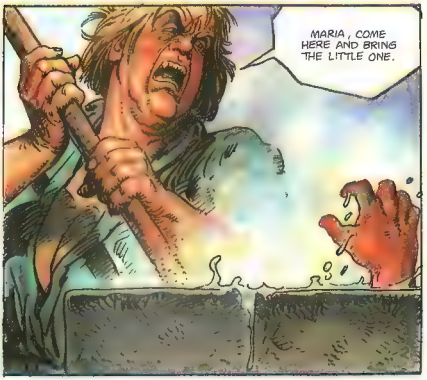
TAKE THIS AND KEEP GUARD!
AND BE CAREFUL, DON'T GET TOO ATTACHED TO THE BABY. IF WE GET HUNGRY, HE WILL END UP IN THE POT, OR ROASTED ON THE OPEN FIRE
NO.. NO ..
HA! HA! HA! HA!
JA JA JA JA JA JA

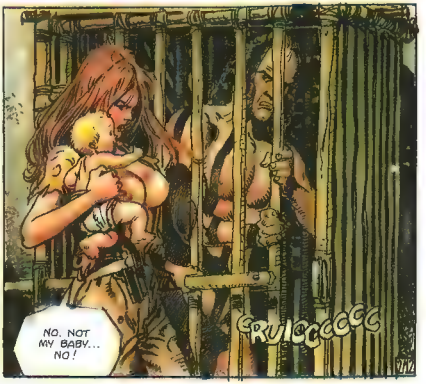
THAT'S A LIE, MY LITTLE ONE. THEY WON'T HURT YOU!


YOU'RE WRONG, REMEMBER, THE THIN ONE WANTED TO KILL HIM. ONE DAY THEY WILL TAKE HIM AWAY FROM YOU AND EAT HIM.
YOU CAN'T TALK, ANIMALS CAN'T TALK!

ONLY I CAN HELP YOU! I FOUND YOUR LITTLE ONE, THE ONE YOU HAD LOST! DON'T YOU REMEMBER? OPEN THIS DOOR AND WE WILL RUN AWAY TOGETHER!


MY LITTLE ONE, FAR AWAY FROM THESE CRUEL MEN!

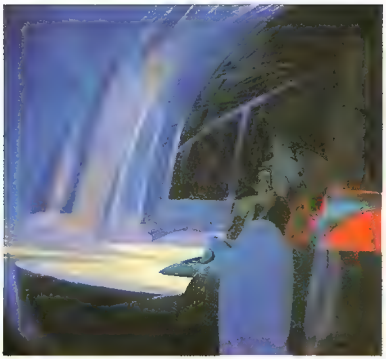

MARIA, COME HERE AND BRING THE LITTLE ONE.


NO. NOT MY BABY... NO!
GRUUGGGGGG

SHIT! SHE OPENED THE DOOR.
K-POW!
K-POW!
BANG
BANG
AHHHHHHH!
BANG
BANG
BANG
K-POW
K-POW
BANG
BANG
K-POW
K-POW
BANG
CRACK
HHHHHHHHH
CRAK

TAKE THIS, PIGS!
CRAK!
AHHH!
CRIK!
I'M DYING... PLEASE HELP ME ... FOR THE LOVE OF GOD HELP ME
CRAK
CRIK
2/14

AHHH



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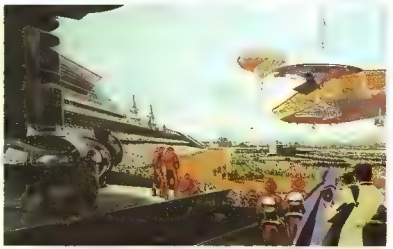

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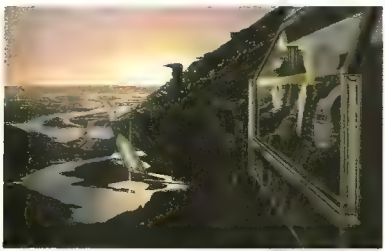

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Funkenstein's Mon-Star

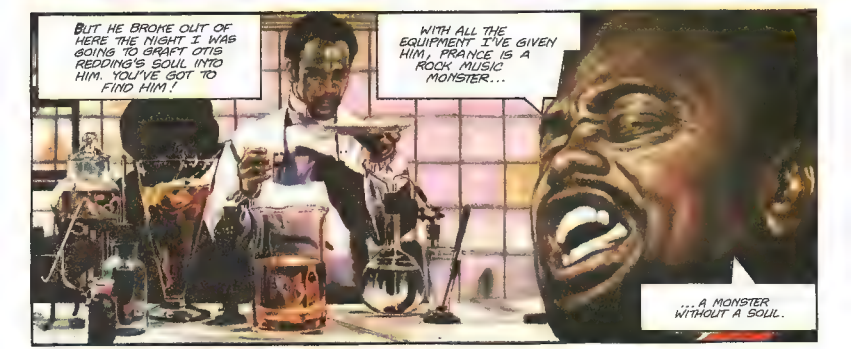
by Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.

MY NAME IS ROCKFORT--GENIUS ROCK DETECTIVE AT YOUR SERVICE! I WORK THE BIG BEAT....
WOW, WHAT RHYTHM!
IT WAS RAINING THAT FIRST NIGHT I SAW HER. THE SOUND OF RAINFALL DRUMMED ACROSS THE CEILING OF MY OFFICE, LIKE SLUGS FROM A TOMMY-GUN. I COULD SMELL HER BEFORE I SAW HER. THERE WAS A HINT OF JUNGLE IN HER PERFUME, AND SOMEWHERE IN THE BACKGROUND, A SAX WAILED....
ARE YOU THE GUY THEY CALL ROCKFORT?
THAT'S MR. ROCK, TO YOU!
SHE WAS BIG AND BOUNTIFUL, SOMEWHERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF 78-33 1/3-45--AND THAT WAS THE NEIGHBORHOOD I WANTED TO MOVE INTO.

MY NAME IS BRIDA. I AM HERE TO TAKE YOU TO MY FATHER, BARON VON FUNKENSTEIN.
HE HAS A JOB FOR YOU.
THE BARON LIVED IN A SPOOKY OLD CASTLE ON THE EDGE OF TOWN. HE HAD BEEN A REALLY BIG NAME IN FUNK MUSIC ONCE. BUT THEN TECHNO-FUNK AND BREAK DANCING CAME ALONG AND LEFT HIM A BROKEN MAN.
AH, MR. ROCKFORT... VERY NICE TO MEET YOU.
AND YOU, TOO, BARON. YOUR DAUGHTER TELLS ME YOU HAVE A JOB FOR ME.
GCI 568

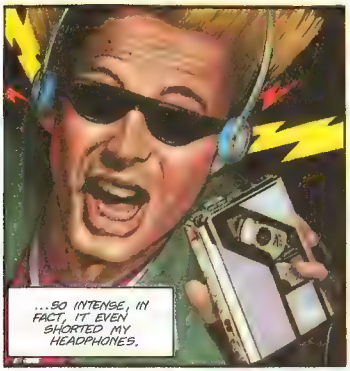
HE LED ME DOWN A CREAKY FLIGHT OF STAIRS TO HIS LABORATORY, WHICH WAS DEEP INSIDE A DARK STONE DUNGEON. THE PLACE WAS A MESS -- THE DOOR HAD BEEN SMASHED OPEN, AND THERE WAS BROKEN GLASS AND BLOOD EVERYWHERE.

PRANCE WAS THE RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH, ROCKFORT. I BUILT HIM FROM BITS AND PIECES OF DEAD ROCK STARS
I GAVE HIM THE BEST OF EVERY-THING. I DUG UP JIMI HENDRIX'S GRAVE AND ABSCONDED WITH HIS GUITAR HAND..
I SNUCK INTO JIM MORRISON'S CRYPT AND GOUGED OUT HIS VOCAL CORDS... I WAITED UNTIL A HURRICANE HIT MEMPHIS, BEFORE I COULD BREAK INTO GRACE; AND AND SAW OFF ELVIS'S HIPS WITH A NAIL FILE--I GAVE THEM ALL TO PRANCE, ROCKFORT. I'VE EVEN GOT JOHN LENNON'S EARS IN A PICKLE JAR


BUT HE BROKE OUT OF HERE THE NIGHT I WAS GOING TO GRAFT OTIS REDDING'S SOUL INTO HIM. YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!
WITH ALL THE EQUIPMENT I'VE GIVEN HIM, PRANCE IS A ROCK MUSIC MONSTER...
...A MONSTER WITHOUT A SOUL.

PRANCE AND THE POP EVOLUTION WAS THE ALIAS HE WAS GOING UNDER, AND HIS HIT SINGLE, "WHEN DOVES CRAP," WAS ROCKETING RIGHT TO THE TOP. HE WAS PLAYING THE ROXY THAT VERY NIGHT.

WHEN PRANCE AND HIS ALL-GIRL BAND CAME ON STAGE, EVEN I WAS IN FOR A SHOCK. THE BARON HAD SAID IT HAD TAKEN NEARLY A MILLION VOLTS TO JUMP START PRANCE IN THE FIRST PLACE, AND NOW HE WAS SENDING A SURGE OF HIGH-ENERGY RIGHT BACK INTO HIS AUDIENCE.


...SO INTENSE, IN FACT, IT EVEN SHORTED MY HEADPHONES.

I RAN INTO A COUPLE OF HIS BODYGUARDS BACKSTAGE. I RECOGNIZED THEM FROM THE OLD DAYS--THEY USED TO GOON FOR ALICE COOPER.
HEY, BIG BIRD--SERGEANT BLOBBER--HOW'S IT SHAKING?

WHADDYA WANT, ROCKFORT?
I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR PRANCE.

THEY TOOK ME FOR A RIDE, WITHOUT EVEN LEAVING THE ROOM. NORMALLY, I CARRY A PIECE UNDER MY COAT, BUT TONIGHT I HAD ONLY MY WALKMAN.
POP

SO, WHAT'S THE MESSAGE, ROCKFORT?

WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME, AND I'LL PASS IT ON.
TELL PRANCE I HAVE SOMETHING HE WANTS. SOMETHING IN A PICKLE JAR... HE'LL KNOW WHAT IT IS.

I GOT HOME LATE THAT NIGHT. I WAS NURSING A FRACTURED TAPE PLAYER AND A BROKEN TOOTH ALL THE WHILE WONDERING IF PRANCE WOULD SWALLOW THE BAIT. I COULD SMELL HER IN MY OFFICE EVEN BEFORE I SAW HER. THERE WAS THAT HINT OF JUNGLE IN HER PERFUME... AND THAT DAMNED SAX WAS STILL WAILING. IT WAS BRIDA... I KISSED HER HARD.

I'VE COME FOR THE PICKLE JAR, ROCK DARLING... THE BARON WOULD LIKE IT BACK.
IT'S IN THE FRIDGE, BABY, KEEPING NICE AND COOL.
BUT I'M NOT... WHY DON'T I SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFY.
SHE SLIPPED OFF HER JACKET-- WHAT A PACKAGE. THEN I SLIPPED INTO SOMETHING, TOO-- HER.
THAT IS WHEN I NOTICED THE TINY ELECTRODES ON HER NECK--LIKE PRANCE.

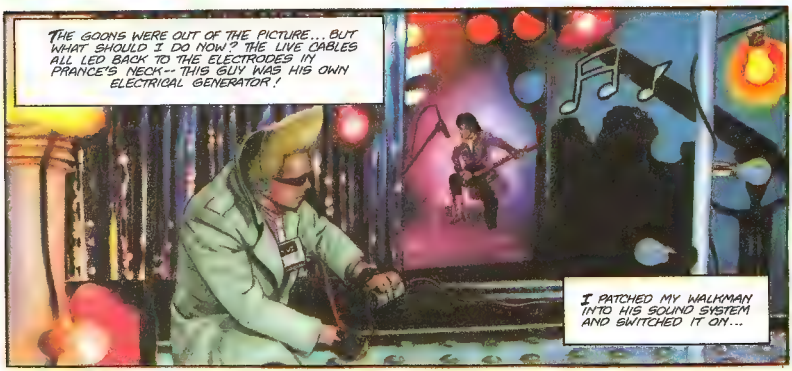
THE BARON HAD CREATED BRIDA, TOO BUT IT WAS TOO LATE TO STOP. SHE HAD THE HOTTEST LIPS IN TOWN...
THE ROOM WAS ALREADY CRACKLING WITH THE HELLISH FURY OF HER ELECTRICAL JUICES.
THIS IS ONE BABE THAT'S TOO HOT TO HANDLE.
I THOUGHT I HAD REALLY BOUGHT IT, BUT IT WAS THE BABE, BRIDA, THAT WAS BURNT TO A CRISP-- STEAMING LIKE A PRESTO-LOG. SHE HAD TRIED TO ELECTROCUTE ME, BUT LUCKILY I HAD GROUNDED HER FIRST.

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I STOOD THERE WATCHING HER ROAST.
BUT SUDDENLY, I HEARD FOOTSTEPS BEHIND ME. I TURNED AROUND, JUST IN TIME TO GET ZAPPED. THE FLOOR RUSHED UP TO KISS MY CHIN, AND THE WORLD WENT BLACK
I CAME TO IN A TINY ROOM INSIDE PRANCE'S PURPLE PALACE. PRANCE HIMSELF WAS STANDING OVER ME. SOMEONE WAS TAKING A ROLLER COASTER RIDE INSIDE MY HEAD.
HA HA HAHA HA!

I FOUND THE PICKLE JAR IN YOUR REFRIGERATOR, ROCKFORT. YOU WON'T BE NEEDING IT ANY-MORE. HAHAHAHAHA
TONIGHT I AM GIVING A VERY SPECIAL CONCERT ...ALL OF THE BIG NAMES IN ROCK WILL BE THERE. NOW THAT I'VE SEWN LENNON'S EARS ONTO MY OWN HEAD, NOTHING CAN STOP ME FROM BLOWING THE WHOLE GRONO AWAY-- LITERALLY!! BY THIS TIME TOMORROW, I'LL BE THE ONLY MEGA-ROCKSTAR LEFT ON THIS PLANET.
DON'T DO IT, PRANCE !!! YOU LACK THE ONE ESSENTIAL INGREDIENT THAT ALL TRULY GREAT ROCK SINGERS POSSESS. YOU DON'T HAVE A SOUL!
I DON'T NEED A SOUL...I'M PURE ENERGY!!! I'LL BE BACK LATER, TO AVENGE MY SISTER'S DEATH!
SET IT AT MAXIMUM TEMPER-ATURE! BYE-BYE, ROCKFORT!
HAHAHA
I HAD TO GET OUT OF THERE, AND QUICKLY!
DANGER
50
100
150
200
250
300
350
400
450
500

I HOOKED UP MY WALKMAN TO THE PAIR OF POWER-BLASTER SPEAKERS SEWN INTO THE SHOULDER PADS OF MY COAT.
WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT
PLOUSH!
...AND TURNED UP THE VOLUME ALL THE WAY.
THE HIGH END OF TINA'S VOCAL RANGE BLEW THE DOOR FROM ITS HINGES LIKE A BLAST OF TNT.
PRANCE'S CONCERT WAS DUE TO START ANY MINUTE, AND I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD STOP HIM.
WHEN I GOT TO THE ROXY, I SAW THAT PRANCE WASN'T EXAGGERATING --THE CONCERT WAS INVITATION ONLY, AND ALL OF ROCK ROYALTY WAS THERE.
VROOM!

MY ONLY HOPE WAS TO SNEAK BACK STAGE AND MESS WITH HIS ELECTRICAL WIRING -- MAYBE I COULD SHORT CIRCUIT HIS POWER SUPPLY BEFORE HE COULD FRY HIS DIAMOND STUDDED AUDIENCE LIKE A CHICKEN DINNER.
THIS PLACE IS ROCKING!
HEY, IT'S ROCKFORT! GRAB HIM!
TAKE THAT, ASSHOLE!
NOT THIS TIME, BOYS! NOW IT'S MY TURN TO DO A LITTLE BREAKING AND KNUCKLE-POPPING!


THE GOONS WERE OUT OF THE PICTURE... BUT WHAT SHOULD I DO NOW? THE LIVE CABLES ALL LED BACK TO THE ELECTRODES IN PRANCE'S NECK -- THIS GUY WAS HIS OWN ELECTRICAL GENERATOR!
I PATCHED MY WALKMAN INTO HIS SOUND SYSTEM AND SWITCHED IT ON...

...FOR THE FIRST TIME PRANCE WAS HEARING HIS OWN MUSIC, AND HE DIDN'T LIKE WHAT HE HEARD!
HIS EARS, STOLEN FROM THE CORPSE OF JOHN LENNON WERE THE FIRST TO GO... AND ALL THE OTHER MEMBERS OF HIS "GROUP" FOLLOWED SUIT.

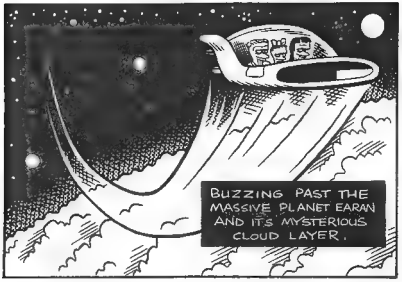
JIMI'S HANDS WRAPPED THEMSELVES AROUND HIS THROAT...THE AUDIENCE WATCHED IN HUSHED HORROR, AS PRANCE BEGAN TO COME APART AT THE SEAMS.
ROCKFORT, YOU DID THIS TO ME.

WRONG, MAN! YOU DID THIS TO YOURSELF! ROCK MUSIC HAS NO ROOM FOR A SINGER WITHOUT A SOUL.
SPLORCH
HE TURNED HIS HAUNTED EYES AWAY FROM ME, BACK TO THE ROCK VALHALLA FROM WHENCE HE CAME....
GOOD NIGHT, SWEET PRANCE....

END

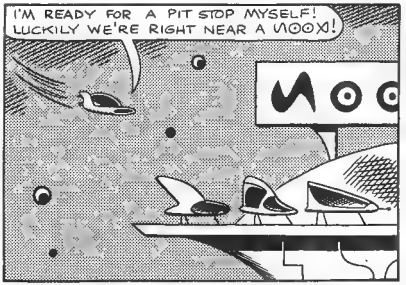
AFTER A BUSY WEEK, IT'S TIME FOR THE GLEFITS TO ENJOY A...
WEEKEND DRIVE
J.D KING ©1986

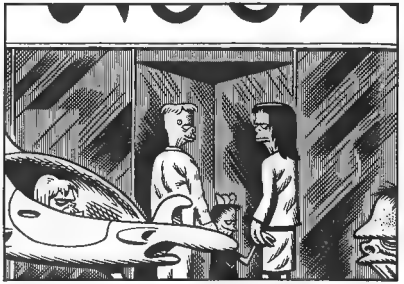
ZIPPING THROUGH THE RINGS OF ZARFUS WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE.


BUZZING PAST THE MASSIVE PLANET EARAN AND ITS MYSTERIOUS CLOUD LAYER.

THE VIEW FROM 179° LATITUDE, 23° LONGITUDE IS SPLENDID!

WAH!
UH-OH, SOUNDS LIKE IT'S TIME FOR SOMEONE'S FEEDING!


I'M READY FOR A PIT STOP MYSELF! LUCKILY WE'RE RIGHT NEAR A MOOX!
MOO



ONE MOOX BURGER PLATTER, ONE TENDERSWEET FRIED NARB DINNER, TWO MOOX KOLAS AND ONE #4 LIL TYKE DINNER WITH A GLASS OF MILK.
DRINK YOUR WATER, DEAR!

GLUNK!
5 WATTS
KEY-RASH!
WAH!
TAP!
TAP!
TAP!
COME ALONG, YOUNG LADY
HOME ON CENTAURI IV AT LAST.
TO BED!
DEAR GOD WOULD YOU PLEASE,,,
HOO-BOY, WOTTA DAY! I'M GLAD IT'S ABOUT OVER 'CUZ I'M BUSHED!
OOOPS!
RATS!
KEY-RASH!
THANK YOU!
END

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- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1983 /** The making of *The Entity* and Kim Deitch's "Eating Raoul"
- ☐ **MARCH 1983 /** Robert Williams, Milo Manara, and Corben
- ☐ **APRIL 1983 /** Guido Crepax, Kaluta, and Moebius
- ☐ **JUNE 1983 /** Corben, and Crepax
- ☐ **JULY 1983 /** Gaetano Liberatore's "Ranxerox" premiers!
- ☐ **AUGUST 1983 /** Arno & Jodowrosky, and Captain Beefheart interviewed!
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1983 /** Interview with Francis Ford Coppola, and Rowena Morrill
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1983 /** Timothy Leary, Bilal, and Pepe Moreno
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1983 /** Interview with Will Eisner, and Crepax's "Valentina"
- ☐ **DECEMBER 1983 /** "Ranxerox" 's Liberatore interviewed
- ☐ **JANUARY 1984 /** Arthur C. Clarke's *The Sentinel*, and "Ranxerox"
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- ☐ **MARCH 1985 /** Moreno's "Rebel," Bilal & Christin, and Schuiten
- ☐ **APRIL 1985 /** Eighth anniversary issue! Moreno, Corben, and Swarte
- ☐ **MAY 1985 /** Liberatore cover, Corben, and Manara
- ☐ **JUNE 1985 /** Charles Burns, Massimo Ghini, and Herikberto
- ☐ **JULY 1985 /** George Miller interviewed, Olivia, and Sesar
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- ☐ **OCTOBER 1985 /** Olivia, Brian Aldiss and Jodorowsky & Cadelo
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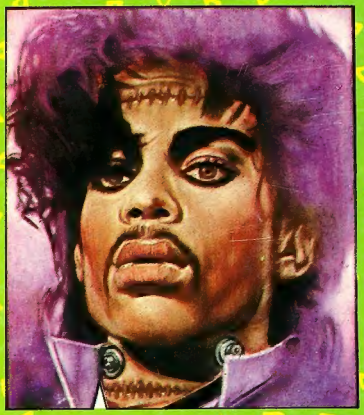
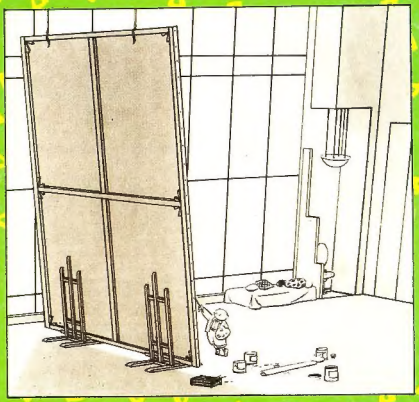


Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.'s private eye, *Rockfort*, and the case of the purplish Prince!



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